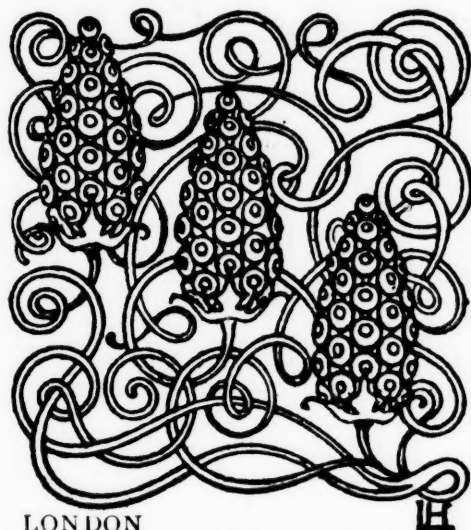


MERRY ENGLAND.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

A New Poet.

POEMS BY FRANCIS THOMPSON



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FROM time to time during late years there have been newspaper prayers for the coming of a new Catholic poet ; but, as in the case of the Jews and the Messiah, the expectation of something coming, is not always succeeded by the knowledge that it has come. We have never given expression to these desires, nor have we been able to regard quite seriously the longings of those who, looking before and after and sighing for what is not, are apparently blind to the treasure actually within their reach. Never, in all the history of the Church in England, has there been so great a number of Catholic pens at work as now on literature, properly so called. But we do not suppose that their readers are mostly those of their own household. Of the hundred thousand copies of "The

"Angel in the House" now in circulation, for instance, but a small number would be found in the homes of Catholics ; with still fewer copies of that quintessential Christianity and poetry to be discovered in "The Unknown Eros," a book which none but a Catholic, and none but a Catholic of the nineteenth century, could have written. Obeying the great mandate to the Church to produce from her treasury, as human needs demand and human capability permits, things *new* and old, such poetry as this can hardly be comprehended by any but a Catholic, or by a person, who though he bears not the Catholic name, has become impregnated by the Catholic spirit ; and such readers may measure their own privileges and heights by the confession of a contemporary critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, that "The Unknown Eros," after a careful reading remains "unknown to him still." Is, then, the fewness of Catholic readers of great poetry a reproach? We have never so thought. As no man can write poetry who has not the gift from Heaven, so none can read it without the vocation. The grace to love poetry is among the uncovenanted mercies of Heaven to man, and it constitutes a recognition of the continued presence upon earth of that mystic Word which is more than human.

It is now five years ago that there was dropped into the letter-box of MERRY ENGLAND a bundle of MS. which, to outward view, differed from other MSS. only by looking even less negotiable than the average. The writing was cramped, and it violated the whole ordinance of the printer by covering both sides of the sheet. In the pressure of editorial engagements the MS. was pigeon-holed ; and when, at the end of two or three months, it was brought forth and read, a letter was at once despatched to the author, only to be returned through the Dead Letter Office. He had left the address he gave—a mere calling address—and no trace of him was to be found. Presumably he read the magazine to which he had sent his work, and it was decided, therefore, to publish a set of verses from the bundle of

MS. and to await the result. Thus it was that Mr. Francis Thompson made his first appearance in print with his "Passion of Mary." The hoped-for communication followed with the author—a man of some thirty years, but looking younger; of whom it could be gathered with some effort that his father—a medical man in Lancashire—had sent him to Ushaw College for several years, and, afterwards, destining him for his own profession, to Owen's College, Manchester, whence this second poet placed among "gallipots" had proceeded on his own responsibility to London. To him, as to De Quincey, Oxford Street had proved a "stony-hearted step-mother." Poetry has ever been a name of despair to the parents of poets, and literature in any high or creative sense was probably no more understood among the relatives of this new poet than it had ever been among the relatives of his progenitors in song, although his uncle, Mr. Edward Healy Thompson, once a well-known Anglican clergyman and afterwards an equally well-known Catholic layman, produced by his own hand almost a library of books of more or less religious biography. Poetry and verse-making are not easily distinguished one from the other by parents, uncles, and guardians; and both alike are the commonly accepted synonyms of starvation.

Nor does the poet himself differ from the parents' appraisal of the poet's profession. Nay, he can tell them what they can never know of its denials, its insane fears and its visionary hopes—can never know, even if he tells them, since to them belong only the husks of words:

"He lives detachèd days;
He serveth not for praise;
For gold
He is not sold;

"Deaf is he to world's tongue
He scorneth for his song
The loud
Shouts of the crowd;

"He asketh not world's eyes ;
 Not to world's ears he cries ;
 Saith,—' These
 Shut, if ye please ;'

"He measureth world's pleasure,
 World's ease, as Saints might measure ;
 For hire
 Just love entire

"He asks, not grudging pain ;
 And knows his asking vain,
 And cries—
 ' Love ! Love !' and dies ;

"In guerdon of long duty,
 Unowned by Love or Beauty ;
 And goes—
 Tell, tell, who knows !"

Such is Mr. Francis Thompson's own estimate of the poet's place, taken from his verses "To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster," published in these pages in 1891. For as a result of the communications between this magazine and the new poet, opened as described already, he has been, from that date to this, one of its most constant contributors. To our readers especially, therefore, is the publication of his poems in an important volume a matter of concern. Those among them who have not merely ears, but "*ears to hear*" great poetry, will agree with us in the belief that the publication of the volume marks an era in English literature. It is with a full conviction that the poets of the front rank of all times and countries can be counted on the ten fingers that we place indubitably the name of Francis Thompson as one of these.

To seek to define poetry would be as vain as to seek to analyse the "Spirit which cometh as it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." Even such is poetry. But the fruits of it are more apparent. The true poet can never murder words, nor even rob them of any part of their vitality. It is his part to give to language a new life, and in his keeping is the Living Word. By

giving to his own unique experience a fitting expression, he does not merely use speech, he re-informs it. He gives his own heart to words, a new meaning to sound, so that, by a sort of anti-type of the Incarnation, his flesh becomes Word for the teaching of all mankind. Judged by this supreme test, we hardly care to reckon how the poets of our own time stand. If we take Mr. Swinburne as a type, we have to search his works in vain for this Living Word—the creative and redeeming element of poetry. In all his hundred “Hells” there is not the horror of one lucifer match; in his “Heavens” there is no ecstasy and no eternity; his “blossoms” have never bloomed and cannot even wither; before his rhetorical “blood” none has ever fainted; and in all his “sweets” and “bitters” there is no touch of experience from human tongue. All this is to take word-life, not to give it, not even to let it alone. In Tennyson we have another type—the masterly arranger of words. He matches and selects with a genius that leaves us in presence of a lovely mosaic. He has used the language he found, and used it with fresh beauty, and for that we owe him a debt; but he did not attempt to infuse it with new thoughts, since new thoughts he hardly had. In Mr. Francis Thompson, if we read aright, we have a poet who has put the last thought into the last word. There is often an odd, but we are sure there is never an irresponsible, word in all his pen has given us.

From a Catholic poet we need not exact direct treatment of Catholic dogmas; these are best expressed in poetry only to the extent that they are expressed in poetry in the Scriptures. But the great principles of Christianity are apparent in the great poet's mere mechanism. For every idle word a man shall speak he shall give an account—a text for preachers! The great poet therefore (and the great poet must in heart and principle be a great Catholic also whether he knows it or not) must be no word-spinner—he must have that terseness which wastes no man's time, and which uses God's gift of language to

its utmost capability. Only he who strives to concentrate his meaning into the fewest words is rightly using that gift of God—only these are industrious as compared with idle words. To so use words is the great poet's prerogative—almost only his. And his terseness requires from the reader attention—another Christian quality, the daughter of humility and of patience. The gift of attention has almost been destroyed by the idle repetitions of all sorts and conditions of teachers and talkers; and it is the poet's mission to lead men back again to this needed and noble economy. Thus the reader of Mr. Francis Thompson is aware of the strain on language which his verses show, and which demands an answering strain on the attention of the reader. But with what a reward!—immediate or slow according to the reader's training in poetry and according to that innate comprehension, which, varying as it does in every individual, proves that the lover of the poet, like the poet himself, is born and is not made.

This aroma of Catholicism expressed in all great literature—though it be what is called secular in subject—this absolute and elementary unity between the ethics of morality and art in composition—not only exists as an atmosphere round all that Mr. Thompson writes; but finds expression itself in the lovely lines he has written “To a poet breaking silence,” whom he bids

From Moses and the Muses draw
The tables of thy double law !

To all great poets, indeed, those lines expressing the dual nature, at once human and divine, of the Living Word of Poetry, may be addressed :

Ah! let the sweet birds of the Lord
With earth's waters make accord ;
Teach how the crucifix may be
Carven from the laurel-tree,
Fruit of the Hesperides
Burnish take on Eden-trees,

The Muses' sacred grove be wet
With the red dew of Olivet,
And Sappho lay her burning brows
In white Cecilia's lap of snows !

The loom which mortal verse affords,
Out of weak and mortal words,
Wovest thou thy singing-weed in,
To a rune of thy far Eden.
Vain are all disguises ! ah,
Heavenly *incognita* !
Thy mien bewrayeth through that wrong
The great Uranian House of Song !
As the vintages of earth
Taste of the sun that riped their birth,
We know what never cadent Sun
Thy lampèd clusters throbbèd upon,
What plumèd feet the winepress trod ;
Thy wine is flavoured of God.
Whatever singing-robe thou wear
Has the Paradisal air ;
And some gold feather it has kept
Shows what Floor it lately swept !

If this passage is not made up of the appropriate word, we know not where the appropriate word is to be found. It says its say exactly—not, indeed, flaunting all the meanings, for behind every true expression the seeing eye can catch glimpses of answering truths—type tumbles on the top of type through all the physical and spiritual creation—but many meanings may be such as are (we wrest the words from Mr. Thompson's context)

What words—being to such mysteries
As raiment to the body is—
Should rather hide than tell.

But that is a hiding which yields to the predestined seeker—with what joy in the finding !

After what we have said we find it relevant to quote from the first section of Mr. Thompson's volume—the section entitled "Love in Dian's Lap"—some portions of the poem called "Her Portrait," which, apart from its own primary beauty as

a creation, illustrates here and there, in accidental phrase, what we have more cumbrously attempted to suggest :

If I would praise her soul (temerarious if !),
 All must be mystery and hieroglyph.
 Heaven, which not oft is prodigal of its more
 To singers, in their song too great before—
 (By which the hierarch of large poesy is
 Restrained to his one sacred benefice)
 Only for her the salutary awe
 Relaxes and stern canon of its law ;
 To her alone concedes pluralities,
 In her alone to reconcile agrees
 The Muse, the Graces, and the Charities ;
 To her, who can the trust so well conduct,
 To her it gives the use, to us the usufruct.

What of the dear administress then may
 I utter, though I spoke her own carved perfect way ?
 What of her daily gracious converse known,
 Whose heavenly despotism must needs dethrone
 And subjugate all sweetness but its own ?
 Deep in my heart subsides the infrequent word,
 And there dies slowly throbbing like a wounded bird.
 What of her silence, that outsweetens speech ?
 What of her thoughts, high marks for mine own thoughts
 to reach ?
 Yet (Chaucer's antique sentence so to turn),
 Most gladly will she teach, and gladly learn ;
 And teaching her, by her enchanting art,
 The master threefold learns for all he can impart.
 Now all is said, and all being said,—aye me !
 There yet remains unsaid the very She.
 Nay, to conclude (so to conclude I dare),
 If of her virtues you evade the snare,
 Then for her faults you'll fall in love with her.

How to the petty prison could she shrink
 Of femineity?—Nay, but I think
 In a dear courtesy her spirit would
 Woman assume, for grace to womanhood.
 Or, votaress to the virgin Sanctitude
 Of reticent withdrawal's sweet, courted pale,
 She took the cloistral flesh, the sexual veil,
 Of her sad, aboriginal sisterhood ;
 The habit of cloistral flesh which founding Eve indued.

To the same sitter for this portrait all the poems in the " Love

in Dian's Lap" division of the volume appear to be addressed. One, in lighter measure than the rest, is written when the lady of the verses—we quote them partially—is away on a visit :

Since you have waned from us,
Fairest of women !
I am a darkened cage
Song cannot hymn in.
My songs have followed you,
Like birds the summer ;
Ah ! bring them back to me,
Swiftly, dear comer !

Whereso your Angel is,
My Angel goeth ;
I am left guardianless,
Paradise knoweth !
I have no Heaven left
To weep my wrongs to ;
Heaven, when you went from us,
Went with my songs too.

I have no Angels left
Now, Sweet, to pray to :
Where you have made your shrine
They are away to.
They have struck Heaven's tent
And gone to cover you :
Whereso you keep your state
Heaven is pitched over you !

In another poem of the series—"Manus Animam Pinxit"—he again addresses this subject of his song,

Whose form is as a grove
Hushed with the cooing of an unseen dove ;
Whose spirit to my touch thrills purer far
Than is the tingling of a silver bell ;
Whose body other ladies well might bear
As soul,—yea, which it profanation were
For all but you to take as fleshly woof,
Being spirit truest proof ;
Whose spirit sure is lineal to that
Which sang *Magnificat* :
Chastest, since such you are,
Take this curbed spirit of mine,
Which your own eyes invest with light Divine,

For lofty love and high auxiliar
 In daily exalt emprise
 Which outsoars mortal eyes ;
 This soul which on your soul is laid,
 As maid's breast against breast of maid ;
Beholding how your own I have engraved
On it, and with what purging thoughts have laved
This love of mine from all mortality.
Indeed the copy is a painful one,
 And with long labour done !
O if you doubt the thing you are, lady,
 Come then, and look in me ;
Your beauty, Dian, dress and contemplate
Within a pool to Dian consecrate !
Unveil this spirit, lady, when you will,
For unto all but you 'tis veiled still :
Unveil, and fearless gaze there, you alone,
And if you love the image—'tis your own !

Her own—but more than hers. No mere mortal woman ever was so sung. It is man and woman as Divine proxies that the poet, in advance of others, takes to his heart and extols with his pen. Thus has he united divinity and humanity in poetry ; and thus, in another sense than has been already indicated, it seems not too fantastic to say that the Flesh becomes again the Word—the woman becomes the verse. And this Word will again be transformed to Flesh by moulding man, and making for him ideals to be realised as the Creation continues through centuries yet to run.

THE EDITOR.

Taking Advice.

I.

Grassham Court, April 30th.

MY own dear Mary,—Does the leisure of Como enable you to spare me your interest further, and your judgment, on a problem now before me? I write to you in an uncertainty I should be ashamed of if I could feel anything clearly. I will not apologise for it, but beg your consideration, and a letter to help me. It is not a case I can put to anyone here; they would only see one side of it, and I should despair of making anyone away understand it in the time. There is just a week between now and finality.

Mary dear, you know me and my circumstances, as you know something else, rather wider, as well—life as she is love (forgive the old jest)—I implore your counsel.

You will guess the beginning, an offer of marriage. I cannot see if it is my duty to accept it, but it looks so like a duty. This is my story.

You know my position at home—alone in a family circle, a Catholic among Protestants, an unoccupied individual where each of its other members has a definite line. You know, too, that we are paupers: that is, we eat off porcelain to avoid buying china, and live in a big house because we can't afford the rent of a small one; that we haven't a friend who is not far richer than we are; finally, that we dare not retrench. The position is a false one, as I maintain; but I am merely an article in the bill, and not by any means a saving clause, therefore my opinion must remain an opinion. My offer comes from a Catholic, a near neighbour, a man whose position is, relatively, eligible, whom my people like reasonably. I have not referred the question to them, knowing its answer rests practically with myself. I like him well—very well. I think I could get on with

him, and feel what it would be to me to get away from indolence, to have work. I like work—and that a good work. Mr. Lane has children, Protestants like his late wife. He needs a wife again, they a mother ; a Catholic mother since he is to give them to her, but one, so he fancies, who, having lived among Protestants, will understand their prejudices, and be judicious in the influence that he anticipates will bring them to the Faith. So he tells me. Is it a good work? Looking at myself, dispassionately so far as I can, I think I am not unfitted for it.

Are the reasons why I hesitate of weight, or only sentimental? I come to you just because I cannot determine. It is very long ago, when we were girls, Mary dear, that I met the one man towards whom my feelings have never changed, unless to strengthen is to change, and never can. I believe its fellow exists for each life, and some happy souls meet their fellows and enjoy the association through a part, at least, of life. Of those who do not, which are most to be pitied, the many who have never done so, or the few who have met and lost again? I cannot feel sure ; it is so bitter to have loved and lost, except by death, though I am sure that for those to whom the finding and the loss has come, it is the best—let me never doubt that again, as I did once ; for I am one of them, and what I should give up in marrying would be the loyalty of my life, the truth to memory, to that part of me that has not changed—myself essentially. I should give up my tradition, my trust in a man to whom I may seem to owe nothing ; but to whom I do owe—somehow—the aspirations, the steadiness, the best of my life. You will understand? The position is: Am I to be true to the past or the future? Tell me, for I trust your judgment far beyond my own. You are nearer to the reality that alone aids in this unreal life.

Ever yours,
DYMPHNA WARING.

II.

London, W., May 1st.

My dear Mary,—A line to say I cannot answer my father in a hurry, as he seems to think reasonable, and I don't. Make my excuses, and give me what I think reasonable time for consideration. Say what you will—I am busy, moving about ; both are true. Meanwhile, give me your opinion on an abstract question, setting any consideration of the individual aside. Do you honestly recommend a man to marry who has the flame of

an old affection still in sight? The fire looks a long way off; but it still makes all nearer lights pale if not sulphurous. Moreover, it seems uncertain that it will ever be fairly extinguished. I can understand the governor's reasons, you may tell him; but he must give a man time.

Your affectionate brother,
ALFRED ELTON.

III.

Cadenabbia, May 4th.

Dearest Dymphna,—Fortunately for you I have often found the mere giving of advice help decision even if in the opposite sense to that intended, otherwise I should feel frightened of the responsibility you lay upon me. To me your position seems simple; but then I judge from the outside. If in marrying Mr. Lane you can set the past quite out of sight, you will be right, I think, in marrying. If you believe that being married—and the difference must be allowed for, it is great—he would find in your old lover a simple and satisfactory friend (like Alfred, for example), you will do wisely in accepting Mr. Lane. You know yourself well enough to answer this question; and I fancy somehow from your letter that you are not confident of it being so. Be confident; do not be tempted by chivalry, or altruism, or what-you-will. Be true. First, unless conscience shows you plainly what you must do, think of the truth. If it is a vocation you could not hesitate, and you are hesitating. I want to help you, and I think that is the answer. Put truth (towards yourself) first, and self-sacrifice second, because self-sacrifice may be the outcome of false sentiment, which truth cannot be. You have lived too truly to mistake truth, so the duty should be obvious. You would suffer in accepting it, but not doubt. I think this is all.

We are enjoying this lovely scenery and the weather that illuminates it. I am in hopes Alfred may join us as he has the opportunity. He did well in his last command, and we hear is to be decorated. My father is anxious he should marry; I hardly fancy it likely. His last letter requires explanation. I think if you were here we might penetrate its obscurity, by working back to its origin, in, as I suspect, the days when we were all inexperienced together. I cannot get rid of an idea that that time is answerable for much that has puzzled me in Alfred's life. You remember the Charlton affair? Adelaide was impulsive and hot-tempered, but she did love him; and it

has sometimes struck me that the mistake they made together has prevented Alfred's reverting to some older fancy, or setting out to form a new one. If we were together we might embody this shade—even draw it out to the light of the sun—for present use. He or it needs settling. Good-bye, dear Dymphna. I have no news or you should have it.

Your very affectionate
MARY ELTON.

IV.

Cadenabbia, May 4th.

My dear Alfred,—An abstract opinion is, I should say, just worth a farthing, hardly negotiable, but you will prefer to be answered, I suspect. I should not myself "recommend a man" to do it. The risk is far too great, unless some cause that prevents any chance of future association, even of meeting, has intervened. Has it? Your question makes this seem unlikely.

Your ever affectionate sister,
MARY ELTON.

V.

London, W., May 7th.

Dear Mary,—Your farthing is a Queen Anne'; I accept it gratefully. There is no insuperable barrier, only fifty things which as one watches them crystallise into one—the past. Expect me on Monday week, and keep the governor smooth.

Your affectionate brother,
ALFRED ELTON.

P.S.—Look out for Wednesday's *Gazette*.

VI.

Grassham Court, May 8th.

My dearest Mary,—You have helped me. The only pain will be the refusal itself, with its effect of seeming to shirk a duty, and so lowering myself in the eyes of a man who has repeatedly assured me of his respect. I wish this seemed as trivial to me as it must to you. An odd thing has happened. Mr. Lane is summoned to Cadenabbia by the illness of his sister—have you met a Mrs. Callcott? Shall you meet him, I wonder? He is a gregarious man and an interesting companion. You would like him, and it would alleviate my present sense of depression—he remains a little upon my mind. If it could only have been on

my heart! This sounds sentimental for thirty-five, don't you think? If it were not for the might-have-been, life, with all its other troubles, would be easy. An individual without a past must be like a nation without a history—enviable. Good-night; I only moralise when I am cross, and that ought not to coincide with correspondence; but I want to catch to-morrow's post with this.

Your very loving
DYPHNA WARING.

VII.

Cadenabbia, May 16th.

Dearest Dymphna,—Your late *pretendu* is really a very charming man. I am appreciative of the phenomenal excellence of the figure in your past that dwarfs his. To be untrue to that beside the present mediocrity would be indeed false! Forgive my flippancy, which is merely external. I am in a good temper and the atmosphere is golden. I wish I could convey to you an idea of the colouring of this glorious lake. I am writing my letters in a glowing shadow lent by early evening. Alfred is coming for me in half-an-hour, and we and Mr. Lane are going on the lake, leaving my father to the banalities of the table d'hôte (how I hate hotels and hotel life), to spend, as we hope, a succession of delightful hours. It will be a pleasant little party, for the two men have taken to each other, and despite a certain gravity of mood Alfred seems contented with his present lot. It is not a bad one; but he looks and speaks a little as if he had missed the best. Do you remember "Giotto's Tower," and its last line, "But wanting still the glory of the spire"? With all your sweetness I have been accustomed to connect that line with you, but now it seems to suit my heroic brother equally. Could there be a greater contrast? I feel a glow of motherliness, and would fain help all the world to its pet bon-bon. Let me help you, if I can't help him. It must be possible. You won't mistake my enthusiasm for impertinence? No, I know you too well. Can I help? I must, I will; I take no denial. As to Alfred, only exaltation of mind could make me sanguine with regard to him. I wish for the moment we could change places; he might confide in you. We were talking of the past last night, out in the garden, he and I, of that happy six months of our first intimacy. Alfred talks of it unwillingly; but last night, on the mention of your name, he said he had then thought of you as one to rely on and confide

in. I observed that what you were you are, despite the years, and he retorted, quite seriously, that was impossible, for no one was impervious to change except himself. Delicious! I handle him gently, though, for I would give the world to see Alfred happy and my father satisfied. I thought Mr. Lane a little hipped when we first met, and avoided any allusion to our friendship; but Grassham was mentioned unavoidably, and since then he has spoken of you to me very openly, and, as it struck me, does you full justice—surely a rare merit in a rejected suitor, Are his children as charming as their photographs show them? Do you know, I can't think of you as a stepmother? You are so absurdly young in your heart. You would have been one of them at once and spoilt them utterly. *Pas vrai?* We meet daily; for he goes, as I do, to an early Mass at Griante, a mile-and-a-half from this hotel, and we generally walk back together. I am called. Good-bye, in haste.

Your very affectionate
M. E.

P.S.—I quite forgot Mrs. Callcott. She is improving, but only slowly—all anxiety removed. I believe Mr. Lane remains whilst her husband goes to England and back on business.

VIII.

Cadenabbia, May 17th.

Dearest Dymphna,—You will accuse me of going back to the schoolroom phase of letter writing, but you are so much in my thoughts as to make me seek your companionship. I wish I had an artistic pen to give you an idea of the beauties of Como by twilight and moonlight. Imagine a paradise of lake and hills, lake and islets, lake and woods. Arrange it as you will, but give a huge balance to the water and its mirror, which flatters even the beauties reflected in it. We started gaily last night with my guitar and Alfred's banjo, and got perhaps half as far as we had intended, but as we reached perfection we could hardly go beyond. Alfred refused to rise to comedy, so I had to supply the humorous element by means of Irish ballads. He was sentimental and Spanish, but once he took me back with a bound through fifteen years of the past (I don't like to write it), to an evening on the Thames of which I have a vivid recollection. We were all there then—poor Jem, whose death has made such a difference to Alfred's prospects, and Ted, Alice, and Lucy, and your party (we were always lucky in our friends)—do you remember? Perhaps I do because Ted died the next year, and

Lucy married. Alfred was on shore, I suppose, for I remember his singing (we used to call it shouting in those days), "A Thousand Miles from Thee." He gave it me last night very well, and said he had not sung it for years; but he has some kind of talent for music, no doubt, and one would not have suspected the interval. . . . The old ballads were much simpler and more direct of purpose than the new ones, whose blossoms you have to seek for among the thorns of accidentals, and then in addition translate semiquavers into tears and semibreves into mirth. (I am not musical, you know; Nature gave me a voice; but nothing more.) Mr. Lane struck me as happy. He was as silent as our short acquaintance permitted, and Alfred and I did most of the talking. His presence prevented an excess of retrospect, though he expressed interest in it, which was perhaps chiefly civility. Your name came in, however, to account for it. I forget much of what was said; it all seemed to slide past me somehow, only leaving a pleasant scent. What I do remember is what I was not intended to hear, and I give it—a second breach of morality—because I fancy it may be clearer to you than to me, and that you may explain it to me.

I told you how anxious I am to get a clue to Alfred's past to aid his future? We had coffee on our return together, and then I went to my room, and the men to smoke. My window faces the lake, and the garden that runs down to it, where they were. I was not inclined for sleep, and sitting near the open window with a book, I meant to read, but only heard their steps passing up and down below it, and the sound of their voices as they talked, with frequent pauses, as if they were already intimate. At last they must have sat down beneath my window, for, half asleep, I heard Alfred say: "Queer! Both of us seem to have expected to find happiness in the same quarter—so long ago too. Well, women change as we know." I was going to move for fear of overhearing a confidence; but, to my surprise, Mr. Lane's answer—it was too long to recall the words—was a defence of change in love, skilful, I thought, and convincing. It was based on the development theory, and he argued that change was only growth, and if a wholesome growth then an unmixed good, and one that saved from many potential ills. I found the theory personally consoling. My only love affair at eighteen was one of which I grew to be heartily ashamed, and only its remoteness prevents me blushing over its still. It was soothing to hear so clever a man pleading my cause before myself, and I confess to eavesdropping as long as it lasted.

Then I went as far from the voices as I could, not liking to shut the window and betray the fact of the speakers having been overheard. I did not hear Alfred's reply, but my familiarity with his tones told me he was unconvinced. There is a certain stubborn simplicity about him, as you know, that is averse to the shadow of casuistry. He appeared to combat the theory with more energy than the time and place warranted. They stayed for a short time longer, and then Alfred must have risen to his feet, for his words came up to me for a few moments quite plainly, though I was no longer idle. He said, in answer to some remark of Mr. Lane's: "The application in my case *is* a personal one. I confess to what you are pleased to call the 'vice of constancy,' to fifteen years of it, at least, and am a fool for my pains." Mr. Lane answered: "Perhaps what I have been telling you may have some connexion then with your fidelity," and Alfred only replied by a "Good-night," and left me trying to locate that fifteen years ago in his history. We were then at Naples, and Alfred, I suppose, at Greenwich, unless he was with the Channel Squadron. I can't remember, for it was the year of my mother's death, and we went on to Sicily for the winter. I can get no nearer. *Who was she?* I am afraid only echo or a parrot could give me an answer. I have been trying to connect her with those pretty Deane girls—you remember?—who married so well; but that was two years earlier, of course, and Alfred is nothing if not exact. This is idle speculation, you will say; but you do not know how much I have Alfred's future at heart, for my father's sake, and, a little, for my own. I so long for something that may settle him and relieve me, perhaps, from this weary round of travel. It can, as it seems to me, only come through Alfred. I have been very long, but I will not rewrite this confidence, even at the risk of regretting it when posted. Reply to it if you can, and—will I so long for an English home.

Your ever affectionate

MARY ELTON

P.S.—Do you know, I think you and Mr. Lane are not correlatives? He is too vague and gentle to lead, and you unfitted by your life to legislate. Am I wrong?

IX.

Grassham, May 22nd.

My dearest Mary,—You are probably right about my unfitness for the post once offered me. If you are, it satisfactorily re-

moves a lingering scruple. I should be unfitted to rule children, I am sure ; but an elder playmate I have fancied was a wholesome institution for them, as a grown-up lover is to a boy. What I do hope for Mr. Lane is that he will find what he looks for and deserves ; and I fancy there is an alloy of selfishness in the wish, for I should like to retain his friendship, and without a subsequent marriage I have found man cannot always be brought back to that. I can well understand your fatigue of hotel life ; but your vocation, which is that of helping everyone you come across, must have had a generous scope during your long travels. Please remember me to Captain Elton, and tell him a woman may sin by constancy as well as a man, and that I could prove it by an instance, only "that would be telling," as childhood says—not second childhood, which does tell, I fancy.

How long, but still more, how short, fifteen years ago seems ! It was just before we settled in the Midlands, and we had a cottage, *en attendant*, near Southsea. How they all hated it but me, I remember ! Good-night ; the house is full of uninteresting people, and can you match that for inducing sleep ?

Your ever loving
DYMPHNA.

X.

Cadenabbia, May 25th.

Dear Miss Waring,—You sent me a message by Mary that it is either presumption in me to misinterpret or folly to misunderstand. It either meant nothing from you, or everything to me. Fifteen years ago I should have known how to read it, but the interval gives me a doubt of your meaning. May I say it once for all ? I loved you then, but less than I love you now. I venture to ask for a reply.

Your sincere,
ALFRED ELTON.

XI.

Grassham, May 26th.

Dear Captain Elton,—Your letter makes the interval seem very long. Perhaps its length has made me more worthy of you, for I am less impatient than I was, and I think less vain. But, thank God, it is past. I feel now as if I could not live it again. This must be my answer, for I have delayed writing it till almost post time.

Yours,
DYMPHNA WARING.

XII.

Cadenabbia, May 29th.

My dearest Dymphna,—I beg for your congratulations first of all. With any other woman in your place I should put off writing as an evil that could not be delayed too long. Mr. Lane asked me to marry him this morning, and I cannot rest before I have told you. You know what he is in his home; I have only seen him at leisure, first worried, then happy. In both conditions his self-control and his unselfishness have won my strongest admiration. Mrs. Callcott is kindness itself in all she says and does, and so pretty! Her husband came back last night, and there is a project for our all returning together, and for us to pay a visit at Grassham as soon as Mrs. Callcott is strong enough to act as hostess. The marriage is to be very soon, and I feel overwhelmed with happiness. I suppose with me it was love at first sight, a girlish weakness of which age ought to be ashamed. I can recall the first words he spoke to me, and the impression he made on me before I identified him with your neighbour and—suitor. I think he loves me. He shall do so if the devotion of the rest of my life can confirm what I know is a strong liking into a lasting love. For myself, I can say honestly he is the first man I ever loved, unless I am to except Alfred and my father. . . .

5.25 p.m.—I was called away and have only time to express my astonishment and delight at Alfred's confession. Can it be true? It is too good to be—at least I should have thought so a week ago. But now every wonder seems probable, everything happy quite commonplace. Good-bye dearest, dearest, Dymphna. Love Alfred as he deserves, and so, if possible, add to my love for you.

Till we meet,

Yours,
MARY ELTON.

AMES SAVILE.

Veni Creator.

SO humble things Thou hast borne for us, O God,
 Left'st Thou a path of lowliness untrod?
 Yes, one, till now; another Olive-Garden.
 For we endure the tender pain of pardon,—
 One with another we forbear. Give heed,
 Look at the mournful world Thou hast decreed.
 The time has come. At last we hapless men
 Know all our haplessness all through. Come, then,
 Endure undreamed humility: Lord of Heaven,
 Come to our ignorant hearts and be forgiven.

ALICE MEYNELL.

On the Nature of Electricity.

IT is strange that, notwithstanding the great progress that during these past few years has been made in the study of the uses of electricity, so few should have made any attempt to investigate its nature. Telegraphy now connects together the furthest extremities of the globe and, diving under the ocean, transmits the thoughts and wishes of men through thousands and thousands of miles in the briny deep. The voice of man can be made to repeat itself when he that spoke has been mouldering, perhaps for centuries, in the bosom of the earth; sounds so minute as, under ordinary circumstances, to be almost inaudible are rendered, even at some considerable distance, loud and distinct, and yet the agency by which these marvels are effected remains almost incognito, as those of the mathematician. Nor are any efforts apparently being made to obtain knowledge on this subject. While books are written describing the nature of mechanical electrical appliances; while schools have been established in which young men are taught practically the principles of electrical engineering, and from which marvellous results are obtained; there is scarcely one who seems to have made a lasting endeavour to grapple with the great question, What is electricity? That this question has been proposed, I candidly admit. But beyond coming to the conclusion that electricity must either be a fluid or some peculiar state or condition of matter, no other light has been shed upon the subject.

It is, undoubtedly, a very great misfortune that we are so left in ignorance of what has now become a very important factor

in the commerce and industry of the world. Through this want of knowledge, the very principles of electrical engineering may be found, in course of time, erroneous or deficient, and hence the progress in the practical use of electricity partially and even in great part retarded. For it is from the knowledge of the nature of a thing alone that true and solid principles can be laid down. When we have learnt what a thing is, then we begin to learn with certainty how it will always act, granted this or that condition or circumstance; it is then that the laws of its activity can be analysed, that new relations are seen to exist between it and other things, and that its programme of usefulness becomes indefinitely enlarged.

What (then) is electricity? Behold, the question which I hope to place before the minds of my readers in its full light, and at the same time to give some explanation which may prepare the way for the satisfactory solution of so important a problem.

The first striking phenomenon which accompanies the first and the simplest manifestations of electricity is that it is, or can be made, a cause of motion. When we rub a piece of sealing wax upon a piece of cloth the wax will have the quality of attracting to it, provided they be in close vicinity, tiny pieces of paper. So also, when the electric current is made to pass into a piece of soft iron, a marvellous power is communicated to the iron of attracting small pieces of steel. The piece of iron, so long as it is invested with the electric current, is, and acts as, a magnet, thus showing that magnetism is nothing but electricity acting in or through certain material agencies. When, again, we see a needle following a magnet, we behold an example of the most fundamental property of electricity, that, namely, of being a cause of motion. But here the question again arises: What is it that causes the motion?

We cannot, it is true, see with our eyes that mysterious agency which in the lump of wax or bar of steel attracts and

sets in motion other bodies; we have not as yet been able by any process to render it discernible to the five senses; yet we may argue from things known to things unknown, and that positive experimental knowledge denied to us by the immediate use of the bodily senses may be supplied to us indirectly by the use of reason and analogy. Let us examine a similar causation of nature in what is termed the attraction of gravity.

The magnet attracts the steel; so also this earth of ours attracts the bodies which lie upon its surface; so also are all the stars and planets, even the most distant, attracted one towards the other. Now what difference is there to be found between magnetic or—what has been found to be the same thing—electric attraction and the general attraction which manifests itself in the furthest known star as well as the tiniest atom of matter? What prevents us from affirming that the attractive agency which manifests itself in gravitation is the same, the very same agency, that is at work in the so-called electric attraction? In both cases bodies are drawn towards one another; in both cases motion is thus caused, and the laws which govern that motion are found similar if not identical. If it is logical to argue from the nature of the effects to the nature of the cause, and if it is logical to affirm that like causes produce like effects, then it is logical to think that the agency which works in ordinary attraction is also at work in the operations of electric magnetism. The earth may be considered as some powerful magnet which draws to itself bodies in close vicinity to its surface, and the magnet, on the other hand, may be considered as a material body in which the ordinary molecular attraction is, owing to some special stimulus or to some specially realised condition, awakened to more than ordinary activity.

This seems (to me) to be a truth of the highest consequence. Once firmly establish the fact that the so-called general attraction and electro-magnetic attraction are simply so many effects produced by one and the same agent, then the path is laid open to most important practical discoveries.

There is, however, another reason which militates most strongly in favour of the hypothesis I am striving to establish. It is the nature of molecular, or, as it is sometimes called, terrestrial attraction itself. We find that every particle of matter both acts and is acted upon by attraction. The cohesion of the particles of a solid body, the falling of a heavy body to the ground, the rising of liquids through the holes of a porous body, the motion of the earth round the sun, and the incessant movement of the whole planetary system, are all so many manifestations of the same mysterious power of attraction which is thus clearly shown to be an essentially accompanying feature of every atom of matter. No particle of matter, that is to say, could possibly exist unless it had within it that peculiar property by which it acts upon, and is acted upon in the aforesaid way, by other bodies. This means to say that there is in every material atom a principle of motion. It cannot be seen or touched, yet there it is.

It remains to discover what is this mysterious power acting in and by every material atom. It is something which evidently acts upon and through the body, but is not the body itself. A material substance, whatever it might be, is manifestly inert and cannot be in itself a cause of motion, though it may be capable of communicating it. The cause and principle of motion must, therefore, be of quite a different nature from the material substance through which it acts. Now, our experience and self-consciousness show that there is a principle which, while invisible, yet acts on and through material bodies, giving to them motion. We know, in the first place, in all living things—that is to say, in all those things which show the phenomena of life—there is an invisible principle of motion, and that principle imparts motion to the body to which it is attached; and, the more science advances the more it discovers that life is bound up with the most elementary forms of matter. When we know that a lump of meat, apparently dead and lifeless, will, after the

lapse of a few days or hours, separate itself into various living and moving animals, it would be absurd and preposterous to affirm that the meat, in its former state, was perfectly dead, and that there was not attached to it before a principle of life which by certain material and mechanical combinations of the material atom assumed a higher and more organised form. To say otherwise would imply that in the process of corruption a special miracle of creation was performed. It is true that moisture and electricity are necessary conditions for the phenomena of corruption and generation ; but no amount of moisture and electricity can give to a perfectly dead atom, or to a perfectly dead combination of atoms, intrinsic life and motion. Numerous discoveries, moreover, uphold the theory that all material nature is thus animated ; the tartar upon our teeth, the corpuscles in our blood, the liquids contained in plants and vegetables are all living and, granted certain conditions, can manifest that life.

Here, then, are two important facts : the first is that a principle of life and feeling can produce in matter spontaneous motion ; the second is that the same principle of life exists everywhere. A most simple experiment will now give a new meaning and connexion to these two facts. Procure a perfectly smooth and level surface. Upon this surface place, rather close to one another, two drops of water. In course of time these two drops will unite. The space between must, of course, be very small, lest, in the meantime, evaporation should take place, but still so perceptible as to be seen with the naked eye. The two drops will then spontaneously unite. The mutual attraction is owing to the fact that the molecules of water were animated by a principle of life, which alone in all the wide range of man's experience can suffice to produce such spontaneous motion. A similar spontaneous motion is observed in the magnet, and there is no reason why we should not say that the same effect is produced by the same cause.

Again, the laws which preside over the generation and trans-

mission of electric and of the ordinary power of attraction point to the same important conclusion ; to wit, the phenomena of electricity and attraction are really, in their own intrinsic nature, the same effect produced by the same cause, namely, the innate principle of life attached to each particle of matter. First, the power of attraction increases in direct ratio with the number of particles of matter that come into contiguity with one another ; thus, a heavy body, having more particles compared with another body, exercises a greater force of attraction. And this for the simple reason that the root cause of the motion is the principle of life attached to every particle of the falling body, which is multiplied by the number of material atoms found in the body. We also find the same law in electricity. The greater the surface of metal exposed to the action of the acid the stronger will be the current ; the greater the magnet the stronger its power. The same also holds good in frictional electricity, in which the power increases with the greater number of material atoms which are made to pass one over the other. Secondly, the same laws of proportion exist in the one as in the other. In the meeting of two material substances the power of attraction is in direct ratio with the quantity of atoms in the aforesaid bodies ; so also we find in frictional and chemical electricity the power is in direct ratio with the quantity of atoms which are enabled to act one on the other. Thirdly, an enormous quantity of power can, in both cases, be transmitted to any conceivable distance by apparently slight and insignificant means. Fourthly, heat and (granted the necessary conditions) light, which are produced by intense pressure, in which attraction is, of course, a great factor, are also produced by electricity.

On the lines I have pointed out some most important investigations might be started. The laws hitherto formulated regarding the workings of the electric current have all been derived from the observation of isolated facts. The classification, therefore, of those laws has not been a strictly scientific

one. There has been no fundamental principle from which to start. The principal phenomena and powers of electricity are discovered merely at haphazard, and there is no light to guide us in our explorations in the future. But, once granted that electricity, magnetism, and terrestrial attraction are in their simplest, intrinsic nature one and the same effect produced by one and the same cause, then we have at once a principle which will give unity and fecundity to our researches. When we know the great and mighty servant whom man has invoked to his assistance, then shall we know also his modes of acting, and be able, in the future, to draw forth from him even greater services for the benefit of mankind, and for the increase of that civilisation which is in such a special manner the characteristic of the nineteenth century.

Before leaving this ground there is a very important question to be considered, which presents itself from the fact that in the magnet there seem to present themselves to our view two different forces. There is the ordinary power of attraction by which it itself is drawn to the surface of the earth, thus bringing into existence the quality of weight which is common to it with all material bodies. Besides this there is also that special power which the magnet has of attracting steel bodies to itself, and altering the position of the compass. We have already given proofs to show that attraction and magnetism are really one and the same; that magnetism is simply the selfsame power of attraction increased by some external adjunct ten or a hundred-fold. But the question has not yet been answered how this increase of power takes place. We have not yet considered the cause of the accidental difference between the magnetism and attraction. When the electric current, as takes place in the system of telegraphy, is made to pass into what was before an ordinary piece of soft iron, thus imparting to it the uses of a magnet, then the force of attraction, instead of acting according to the ordinary laws which are derived from the relative weight

and density of bodies, manifests new powers of acting which differ both in kind and in intensity from those which it had before. The solution of the question is partially found when we consider the nature of the temporary magnetisation of the iron. This consists in a mere transmission of force. The metal is, so to speak, the lever by which and in which the electricity acts on external bodies. The difficulty, therefore, lies not so much in the explanation of how the iron acquires these new and extraordinary modes of acting, as in explaining how it is that the ordinary magnet or magnetising power is generated by the strengthening or the changing, as we shall see later on, of the ordinary attractive power.

A profound theory has recently been established which has some connexion with this. Not all of it was originated by one mind, but part was contributed by an Englishman and part by an Italian. This theory serves to explain, if not wholly at least in great part, the difficulty proposed. According to the molecular theory, which was first started by Dalton, every portion of matter can be divided and sub-divided to a very great extent. The results, indeed, of such a process may be so small as to be imperceptible even with the most powerful microscope. Still, there is a limit. There is a tiny portion of matter so minute that it cannot by any means whatever undergo a further division. The keenest of knives, the most powerful machine may be employed to cut or crush it into dimensions still more minute. All will be in vain—a tiny atom will remain as it is, defying triumphantly the utmost power that mechanics can bring to bear upon it. In every material substance, moreover, there is a point which is called the centre of gravity, and in which is collocated the whole force of attraction—of the attractive force, that is to say, in which that body is invested. The more closely the centres of the atoms are able to approach each other, the greater, as a consequence, will be the mutual attraction exerted by those atoms. Hence, from the relative position

of the centres of the atoms, from the way in which their outside surfaces touch and conform with each other, will depend in great part the mode and intensity of the attraction of that body. This enables us to understand the reason of the cohesion of the particles of a solid body. The superficies of the bodies so fit in one with the other that their centres can enter into the closest possible contiguity. In liquids and gases the relative position of the atoms is such that the mutual action of their centres of attraction is diminished to such an extent as in the one case to produce but a neutral effect, and in the other a positive tendency on the part of the atoms to fly off from one another, being attracted by atoms of other bodies with whose centres they can enter into closer proximity.

This theory, while it furnishes some explanation—one which, as far as I am aware, has never yet been attempted—of the existence of solids, liquids, and gases, explains also the peculiar nature of terrestrial attraction which is called magnetism. In this last case the atoms are so collocated that their centres are able to act with the greatest possible freedom so as to produce in an extraordinary degree and kind the phenomenon of attraction. Nor need it be objected that when a spiral column is invested with the electric current no change in the material position of the atoms takes place; and yet, notwithstanding, we have presented in the newly made and temporary magnet all the phenomena of magnetism. This is merely a transmission of force already produced by other agencies, which passes through the iron as the instrument of its delivery. On the other hand, in the generation of the force there is every possibility of the atoms undergoing a change, either in their actual position, or in their relation to the atoms of a foreign body. Moreover, in the case of the ordinary magnet with its power of attraction, the atoms are already so constituted, both in the body attracting and the body attracted, that their relative centres already by their close approximation realise the conditions necessary for the phenomena of magnetism.

If we wish to go further still and ask ourselves how it is that the centres of these atoms have the power of exerting that force which goes by the name of attraction, and that sometimes to so great an extent as to occasion the still more marvellous effects of magnetic electricity, the answer has already been supplied in the earlier part of this short treatise. No other explanation can be given than this, namely, that within the centre of the atom is collocated the activity of that principle of life which has reason and experience alike to show is alone the spontaneous generator of motion, in whatever way it may manifest itself.

There is also another marvellous fact, which would seem at first to be beyond the reach of the explanatory principle laid down, but which, in reality, so far from militating against, goes to show its truthfulness, and at the same time the fecundity of its application. It is well known that mere friction will sometimes serve to produce electric attraction. No change in the nature of particles of the moving bodies takes place, and yet they become possessed for the time being of the same qualities as the ordinary magnet. But the fact, also equally well known, that friction and motion stimulate into activity the principle of life, even in substances apparently dead, here comes to our aid. In the higher forms of life we find this friction and motion in a most marked degree. The body of man, which is such as befits an instrument of thought to an intelligent being, exhibits a continual scene of movement. The palpitation of the heart, the expansion or contraction of the lungs, the vibration of the nervous system, the processes of digestion and assimilation, are more continual and more rapid than we find in the body of any ordinary animal endowed with a less perfect organisation. The circulation of the blood in particular, through every part of the body, represents to us with still greater emphasis the dependence of the more perfect forms of life upon incessant motion and friction between the material atoms. Not, indeed, that this

movement is life itself. Far from it. It constitutes the condition of life, which is something absolutely different from life, but is at the same time an essential adjunct of life. Life and feeling are already present in every tiny atom of matter. When, therefore, friction takes place between these atoms, then these principles of life act and react one on the other, till they become in a manner but one principle of life, endowed with more or less power of functional activity. Returning again to the consideration of the body of man, we see that when the body is dead the continual motion and friction cease; but not altogether, for the individual life attached to each atom of the human frame still remains, and, granted the necessary favourable conditions, we find formed animals of a lower type, in which are the same continued motion and reciprocal friction.

I have spoken merely of the animal life of man, but I wish to observe, *en passant*, that his life is not merely one of animal sensitivity. His soul is gifted with the knowledge of truth, and therefore belongs to a scale infinitely higher than that of the brute creation. Beyond the grave, even in the natural order of things, apart from revelation, strict scientific proof can be given that it must still exist identical with what it was before.

If we examine the whole kingdom of an innate nature we shall see everywhere that mutual friction, action, and reaction between material atoms form the essential conditions of life. In the lower forms of life, in the jelly fish and asteroidæ, still more in the vegetable kingdom, this continual movement is of a more imperfect nature.

The lower we descend the more it perceptibly diminishes until it is no longer visible to the human eye. We then come to that still rudimentary principle of life which is bound up within every single atom of matter, and remains bound up and confined, solitary and remote like a prisoner in its cell. But, directly, owing to the influence of electricity or moisture, motion is caused, then these material atoms coming into contact, their principles of life

within them act and react on each other till we have established a perfect system of harmonised movement, and following this, all the manifestations of the higher and complex powers of life. Nor can anyone make the objection that if this were so, that is to say, if material friction and motion were a cause and condition of life, then it would be in the power of man, by causing this motion, to produce, at the same time, life with all its various manifestations. If it were within the range of man's power and resource to produce the cause, then certainly the effect would follow as a necessary consequence. But the motion and mutual friction of which we speak are of such a delicate, complex nature that to attempt to produce it would be tantamount to attempting the impossible.

There is, indeed, one partial exception to this. We may conceive it possible that there be two material bodies, which, either on account of the relative position of their constituent atoms, or, perhaps, owing to the peculiar make and constitution of the atoms themselves, can, when rubbed together, produce for a time, according as the friction or the effect of friction lasts, a manifestation, though but very partial and imperfect, of life. The magnetising or electrifying of substances by friction would be an example of this.

Hitherto we have been speaking more of magnetism than electricity. What, however, is true of one is also equally true of the other. The experiment of the electro-magnet spiral column, in which a metal wire is magnetised by the electric current, demonstrates the strong affinity between the two. The production itself of electricity is a proof, not only of their strong affinity and relationship with one another, but also of their absolute identity. For how is electricity in every case produced? Always by the contact, direct or indirect, of various particles of matter. If the sulphuric acid battery be used, then the particles of the acid, coming into the closest contact and communication with the particles of the metal, the magnetic force, or, if we wish to

make use of a new term, reasonably introduced by what we have said before, the "intensified force of terrestrial attraction" is set in action, and this can be conveyed to other parts from that in which it was originally generated. Electricity, that is to say, holds the same place in regard to magnetism as magnetism does to the ordinary terrestrial action. It is the same force acting in all three, though produced, perhaps, in different ways, and manifesting itself in different phenomena. Owing to the greater intensity of the force as present in electricity, we have the electric spark and the incandescence of lime or platinum by the electric heat. But these are symptoms not of the presence of a new agent, but of the increased power of that which existed before. They are no more to be attributed to different causes than the rushing of the wind, as contrasted with the violent report produced by the rush of air into a space just made vacuous by the combination of two gases such as hydrogen and oxygen. Both the gentle noise of the one and the loud, stunning report of the other, being produced by the same agency, namely, the motion of the air.

What we have said, therefore, with regard to electricity, holds equally true as applied to magnetism. These two forces, and also that of terrestrial attraction, are merely one and the same power acting with different forms and kinds of intensity. That power is generated by the action and reaction of material atoms one upon the other. It increases in intensity according as the superficies of the atoms are so placed that their centres can enter into the closest proximity, thus producing the three different grades of ordinary attraction, magnetism, and electricity. The reason why the centres of the atoms, or, to speak more correctly, the atoms themselves, are thus spontaneously drawn towards each other is to be found in the fact which is being daily proved to be more and more universal, that each atom is animated by a principle of life and feeling. This alone in the whole range of nature is found to be a spontaneous cause of motion—at first

sight this may not seem to hold true with regard to steam. But whence arises the force of steam? From the expansion of the steam. Whence rises the expansion? From the fact that the particles of steam tend to fly off one from another. If, again, we ask ourselves the reason of this we are back again at the old answer. I do not say that the atoms are alive with that higher form of life which shows itself in the circulation of fluids, assimilation, etc. But a rudimentary life I have shown there must be attached to every atom, however small; from the highest to the lowest organism there is present life which, indeed, gradually diminishes so as to become imperceptible in its manifestations, but never does it become altogether extinct. It remains, and, however strange this may sound to the ear, is the only rational cause that can be assigned for the phenomena of terrestrial attraction, magnetism, and electricity.

J. A. DEWE.

Elevaverunt Flumina.

[ST. MONICA.]

AT the Cross thy station keeping
 With the mournful Mother weeping,
 Thou unto the sinless Son
 Weepest for thy sinful one.
 Blood and water from His side
 Gush ; in thee the streams divide :
 From thine eyes the one doth start,
 But the other from thy heart.
 Mary for thy sinner, see,
 To her Sinless mourns with thee :
 Could that Son the son not heed,
 For whom two such mothers plead ?
 So thy child had baptism twice,
 And the whitest from thine eyes !
 The floods lift up, lift up their voice,
 With a many-watered noise !
 Down the centuries fall those sweet
 Sobbing waters to our feet,
 And our laden air still keeps
 Murmur of a Saint that weeps.
 Teach us but, to grace our prayers,
 Such divinity of tears,—
 Earth should be lustrate again
 With contrition of that rain,
 And celestial flood o'errise
 The high tops of Paradise !

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Danny.

CHAPTER I.

Oh ! this was only yesterday—
When the world was very new ;
When fairies lived in the flowers,
And diamonds were hid in the dew.
When dogs and cats and birds could talk,
And the stars were the eyes of Heaven ;
When the golden joys of life were real,
And the night began at seven.

TWO little feet, pattering here, there, and everywhere ; two long, lean legs ; a belted dressing-gown ; two gleaming green and black eyes, and a closely cropped head : this was Danny.

Following closely on his heels as he clipped through my open French windows that day, trotted a graceful, broadly-built, year-old fox terrier, with a humorous, slightly deprecating face, lovable, curious, eager eyes, and a round brown spot in the middle of his back. This was Chum ; and his master and owner called him "T'summie," with a visible effort of pronunciation that caused his milk-white teeth to glisten in the sunshine.

I can hardly believe I had seen Danny only once before that day. I was already a keeper of all the secrets of his past and the purple and golden plans of his future ; and his present he had unhesitatingly confided over into my hands, whilst claiming and receiving, in his turn, a similar confidence on my part. Yet we had met for the first time only the day before on a little pleasure yacht, and then under circumstances highly un-

ravourable to mutual confidences; for we were both exceedingly sea-sick. Perhaps the fact that we two were the only sufferers among a dozen or so of our kind on board, causing us to rely solely on each other's sympathy, had some share in drawing us together in a still closer bond of fellowship than was already drawn by mutual magnetism. He even sat on my knee during the last part of that pleasure trip, and was willing to be carried home on my shoulder, across the beach, and up and along the cliff, and through the garden to the house where he and I and many others lived those days. And when, on his earnest invitation to tea, "wif shwimps, an' gwass sandwiches, an' toast, wif your own butter and knife—*not* spwead"—and my ready acceptance of the same, I found myself at a white clothed board, at Danny's right hand, in company with this resourceful master of the ceremonies, and three fat and solemn baby boys and two young and giggling nurses, we both, I think, felt that this good fellowship set the seal on a true and abiding friendship.

After tea I remember that Danny and I went out into the chine to hunt for lizards, and glowworms, and grasshoppers, and late butterflies; and here it was that Chum gave signal evidence of his sporting proclivities by spending half-an-hour in unearthing a hedgehog, nor letting himself be enticed therefrom, though I was ready to sacrifice an old hat, and Danny his pocket handkerchief, as alternative playthings. So, baffled in peaceful intentions, the infection of sport seized us too at last, and we joined in, adding zealous hands and sticks to Chum's endeavours. Never shall I forget Danny's enthusiasm in the warfare, as he beat the bushes for yards around with a bramble branch, in a terrific frenzy of excitement, when the flag of truce was lowered for good and all! Nor Chum's heroic onslaught in the teeth of the animal's armour! Nor the perseverance and persistence of the pair in their fruitless efforts to get the thing to unroll itself! Eventually we put the hedgehog to bed in a little hole we grubbed out for it in the side of the chine, and Chum went a-

catching flies, while Danny and I sprawled at full length among the heather, under the early stars, and talked what Danny was moved to call "real man's talk."

Now, this afternoon, the day after these things had come to pass, he skurried through my long, open window, and breathlessly announced that the hour was favourable for fishing—that is to say, for catching fish (he had had sinister experience of the difference between the two expressions)—and that the moment also was propitious, since "Nemly and Annie and Jim and Tod and Baby have all gone a-donkeying; an' if we wun now to ye beach no one will never catch us!"

His eyes shone like seashells in clear, dark green water. His breath came and went in little jerks. His hands shook, and he staggered sideways, lurching against my writing table.

"I have dugged up seven worms! Yey are dancing uppy-down in my pockyets," he shouted, as I caught him before he had time to topple over. "Now we will fish, and fish, and fish all day!"

But it was necessary to point out to him that he was in his dressing-gown, and that such a garment was hardly suitable to go a-fishing in, let alone the impropriety of appearing on the parade in it. He had overlooked this fact, with its two serious drawbacks. I could see that by the sudden quenching of the joyous light in his eager, innocent eyes. Chum sat up before us and began to beg. An exceedingly inappropriate action; but he thought we were scheming another jaunt, and he was never a dog that would let himself be left out in the cold for want of pushing his claims.

A "stupid leg" and a "stupider back" were the chief reasons of Danny's visit to this watering-place. He was one among many others who sought surcease of pains and sickness in its life-giving air. Now he told me, unhesitatingly, almost cheerfully (since we decided to shelve the question of fishing till "to-morrow") that a "doctor-man" had come that day, and

told him to go to bed, where he was "never to get up from no more," and that Nemly and Annie, before going a-donkeying, had taken his clothes and shut them up in a drawer.

"But if *you* was to pull at ye handle it would come open," said Danny, in eager, guileless earnestness. "My yarms are *not* stwong. *Yen* we could catch fishes—fishes for tea!"

But I set him on my shoulder and carried him upstairs to the large, square room with barred windows that he shared with one of the little fat brothers—Chum dancing before us and snapping at his master's legs all the way.

Here we played draughts and halma on Danny's bed. Then we turned to fox and goose, and beggar my neighbour, and wore out the long hot afternoon with fierce, unyielding contest. Nemly and Annie and the babies, all in the highest of spirits, found us up to our necks in cards when the desire for tea and shrimps brought them indoors once more. The smell of the buttered toast woke up Chum from a slumber that not all the clamour of battle had disturbed. His enthusiasm and interest over the tea arrangements are not things which can be described; they have to be seen to be realised.

I left Danny at full length on his bed, radiant with smiles and many victories. His bread and butter, and jubilee mug of milk, were on a little table by his head; and Nemly had tucked a towel under his chin, so he shouldn't mess his dressing-gown, and was peeling his shrimps for him. I had never been able to properly measure his height before. On the yacht he wore a belted tunic, which was his outdoor and walking kit; and that—though in a lesser degree than a dressing-gown that reaches down to your ankles—is a deceptive garment. Stretched at full length on his bed the length of his legs was simply amazing. Yet I had thought him short for his age! As for Danny himself, he was a veritable bundle of nerves; and I am inclined to think that the mischief lay there, not in that "stupid leg" and still more "stupid back."

We did actually go fishing the next day, Danny and Chum and I; for when the doctor-man came that morning he said that Danny's clothes need be shut up in a drawer "never no more"; and that if he was a good boy, he (the doctor-man) would make a man of him yet.

So we went a-fishing in high spirits, and found, to our gleeful astonishment, that we were neither of us sick at all. Nemly had thrown away Danny's worms the night before, but a friendly fisherman gave us a handful of shrimps; and thus equipped, with tackle and a basket nearly large enough to hold a whale—for, as Danny wisely said, "it would be an awful pity if we had to frow our fish into ye sea again, for want of woom"—we pushed out to sea.

We fished, and we fished, and we fished. The hours fled by; tea-time came (we had the foresight to bring our tea out with us!), and between bites and sups we would haul up our lines to see if there was a bite there. Our enjoyment of and enthusiasm in the sport was in no wise lessened by the fact that never a single fish rewarded us for our toil and pains! The sun went down on our labours, smiling knowingly as one already aware of the vanity of human effort. The early stars came out, and laughed and mocked us from afar. Nightfall saw us returning home wide awake, hungry and thirsty to the last degree, our enthusiasm undamped by hours of fruitless waiting.

"But Nemly and Annie will 'spect some fishes," said Danny, recalled to the gravity of the situation by the fish barrow under the pier. "I pwomised them 'leven each for yeir supper. Yey will be vewy dis'pointed."

So we bought them some winkles to make up for the disappointment; and Danny said, the next day, that they hadn't minded the substitution "one bit," and "ate yem all up, everwy one."

We also took long walks together under the pine trees, did Danny and Chum and I. Danny had almost discarded his

little donkey-carriage now. Thank God for it! And he was in a fair way to becoming as straight and as steady on his pins as any of the fat, sturdy, little brothers.

Other times we would play cricket, and Danny developed into a beautiful, round-arm bowler—it took weeks to smack Chum out of the idea that the ball was thrown for his own private amusement and nothing else. But our favourite pastime was lying at full length among the rocks and heather in the chines, discussing knotty points of the past, the present, and the future.

Sometimes, but not often, we would make a tour of the gay and lively town that lay in the midst of the chines and sand hills and fir-woods. Then we would haunt the shop streets, and flatten our noses against the windows, choosing from them, turn by turn, what we would buy if we had "a million pounds each, to spend as we liked!" The jewellers and toy-shops were our favourites. "I do *like* toys," said Danny, once; but though this was said in a most perfect and innocent good faith, when we went one day to the bazaar to buy a toy of his own selection and for his own ownership, he shook his head at all the horses and carts, and soldiers, and full-rigged ships that were trotted out for his critical inspection, and insisted on buying a large and glittering glass heart set with monstrous mock rubies and diamonds and emeralds, that had caught his eager, roving gaze. This bauble was about six inches in circumference, and weighed about a pound. The shopman was strongly in favour of the purchase.

"I will give it to my mamma to wear," said Danny, with great sparkling eyes. "She will hang it round her neck and will look like a queen. It is vewy, vewy lovely!"

The vision of Danny's mamma rose up before me as I had seen her in flying, passing glimpses—young, elegantly attired, smiling and beautiful, always surrounded by two or three devoted cavaliers. I had my misgivings as to the suitability of

the offering, and tried to impress him with the elegance and beauty of the little chains, or the fancy brooches, or the bell bangles, or some other of the harmless trinketry around ; and declaring myself strongly in favour of these latter, pointed out that the hanging heart had no chain attached, and as such was useless as an ornament of attire.

"I will buy a wibbon wif it," said Danny. "Yere is a loop. My mamma will fink it vewy lovely. Yat," sighed Danny, looking up at me with large, wistful, shining eyes, "is fwat I should *like* to buy."

Danny carried the precious parcel home himself. We chose a pink ribbon whereon to hang the gift, because "Yat is ye colour of my mamma's cheeks," said Danny.

Roving vagabonds as we were, all three of us, Danny, Chum, and I, we did not often fall in with the smart and fashionable visitors of the lively and populous watering-place. Danny's mamma, besides being young and pretty, was very popular. If we ever met it was but by flying, fleeting chance. A wave of hats and hands on one side ; on the other a silvery laugh, a glimpse of little white teeth in the sunlight, and a flash of bright blue eyes. But it would be often days together before this fairy vision passed across our admiring gaze.

Of all evenings in the year was this one, think you, which for a man to venture out in, to talk over business? Yet this was what my friend, who lived a good four hundred yards away, chose to do ; and bursting abruptly through my long, unlocked windows, broke up Danny's and my troublous *tête-à-tête* as quickly as one of the great black waves that rolled impotently against the chest of the hard, resistless rock below, could ever have done. For I thought the wind itself had burst open the window ; and in the millionth part of a second there was time enough to foresee the desolation and ruin of my scattered homestead, while Danny believed that the thunder had got in at last.

"Warm slippers," said the visitor, "and a coat. Any old moth

eaten rag of yours will do me ! And if you can think of anything better than a stiff glass of whisky and water to keep off influenza and bronchitis, both of which I'm subject to, give it a name !” So he went off to change his soaking outer garments ; and when I had summoned the boiling water, I followed him into the inner room, Danny's large, shining, and curious eyes following me gravely as I went out.

One scene comes before me :

Danny, and Chum, and I entering the garden gate. Danny's mamma, in full parade kit, emerging forth from the verandah, cliffwards.

We had been shrimping, and we had spent the last hour up to our middles in water. We were wet, and sandy, and seaweedy up to our hair !

But the claims of Danny's adoring admiration were too urgent to be withstood :

“Oh, come to my yarms
You bundle of charms !”

he shouted, dashing headlong forward, his long arms flung out before him, his long legs flying wildly behind him.

Danny's mamma laughed, and the gentlemen on each side of her laughed, and Danny himself was near coming a cropper on his diminutive nose.

Fortunately for the spotless glories of the silken raiment that was in such imminent danger, the tallest of the men caught Danny at the critical moment, and swung him high in the air, while Chum fairly stood on his head with glee and excitement.

“We have catchted twenty-five shwimps—all our own selves,” Danny informed his mamma, with pardonable pride and exultation.

Of these twenty-five Chum had eaten seven on the sly. We saw him do it when we were a quarter of a mile out, and he was left behind on the beach to guard the basket. On counting them over, on our frenzied return, there were seven to the bad.

The tall gentleman who had caught and swung Danny, when he set him down put a shilling in his pocket ere he turned to follow in the train of Danny's mamma. After a silent, frowning interval of deep thought and much inward reckoning, said Danny, joyfully :

"Yis money will buy firty-six Dutch dolls. Elma likes dolls. I will buy her firty-six for her vewy own. Let us come to ye 'Azaar now, yis instant!"

Elma was Danny's sweetheart, and lived that summer in a house whose garden adjoined that belonging to the house where Danny had residence. She was a stout, spoilt, imperious, only child, a year or two his junior. She was also very lovely and a superior being. So after tea, and a change into dry clothes, we sallied forth to the Bazaar; and here Danny laid out his shilling on thirty-six wooden, jointed dolls of marvellous and appalling ugliness and similarity of form and feature.

"Would Elma want them all?"

"Oh, yes, yes; 'deed yes! Elma *likes* dolls. She would like a million krillion dolls all for her own!"

"But she would like china or wax——?"

"Oh, no, no! She likes yese little Dutchie dolls, 'cause yey move yeir arms and legs. We bof fink yem *lovely*!"

The next day Elma invited her devoted lover and Chum to tea. They came back radiant, and made havoc of my papers before going to bed. It had been a lovely party. Elma's cat, Dinah, and nineteen of her dolls had also been invited; so "we were a 'normous big party!" Danny's thirty-six dolls could not attend as they were still undressed; but Elma's governess had promised to dress them in the costumes of all the nations when she had time.

"Soon it will be *my* burfday," said Danny, with sparkling eyes and scarlet cheeks, "and yen *I* will give a party. Yere will be Elma, and you, and Chum, and Jim, and Tod, and Baby, and Nemly, and Annie; and Elma will bring Dinah and all her dolls! I will give a big, big, lovely party!"

"Soon it will be my burfday," said Danny, the next morning, dancing in the sunshine. "I *like* burfdays," said he, sighing with pure enjoyment of life, and the golden joys that life had to offer him. "In a vewy soon time now it will be my burfday!"

CHAPTER II.

Oh, this was a very long time ago—
And the world is as old as old !
And now we know where the fairies live,
And the real value of gold.
And now we know the song of the sea,
And the reason of things below ;
For we are as wise as the world was old
A million years ago.

How it actually came about I do not know. Whether he was really mad with jealous rage, or whether it was a purely warlike spirit that moved him, can never be told. It is only certain that it was Chum, and not the butcher's dog, who started the battle. To this the butcher himself and an unprejudiced passing brick-layer bear unimpeachable witness.

Earlier in the week, Danny and I had convicted Chum of flagrant disobedience. He was properly beaten, and, since he could not be trusted to follow on our heels, shut up in an old shed beyond the back garden, where his piteous and awful shrieks were inaudible to folk up at the house. After half-an-hour of speechless agony, Danny overcame my more Spartan sternness, and we went together to let him out. Such tears and remorse, and wild senseless joy at the first breath of free air again, as were in Chum's eyes then I have never seen in any other eyes before or since.

Yet two days later he played the same trick again ; and, covering his guilt under the veil of "exercise," got lost.

My anger was not unmixed with resignation, but Danny's despair was unfathomable ; because he knew that a beating and further imprisonment were in store for the shameless culprit.

It goes without saying that the sex, in the shape of the prettiest of little terriers, was at the bottom of it. But though we knew that the butcher's dog and Chum were the deadliest rivals in the little lady's affections, it gave us somewhat of a shock to find, on our hasty dash round the corner and up the street, this very dog lying in the sun before the shop-door, in an attitude of profoundest calm and rest ; and there was something in his eye, and still more in his tail, that told us he was in total ignorance of the march his rival had evidently stolen on him.

That was a most miserable afternoon ! Danny and I explored every corner of the watering-place, and all the outlying woods and chines and lanes beyond, at least four times over ; with never a sign of the truant at the end of it all—Danny's little hand in mine growing colder and colder, and his face growing redder and redder, and his eyes growing larger and larger as the fruitless hours limped by. But his little, high, shrill voice calling "T'sum, T'sum !" was never a moment silent. Early in the afternoon we had hired a donkey, and, having worked on his master and several other sympathisers to assist the search, racked our brains for further resources. Twilight found us only a very weary and footsore, empty-handed little band, and the butcher's dog still snoring on the butcher's threshold.

Danny sobbed himself to sleep that night, though I told him, before going out to take up the search where we had left it over bedtime, that Chum would return to his home and his mat and his basket with the dawn, as surely as the sun would look in on us from behind the pine trees in the east, when the night should have passed.

But, as I said, how it really happened cannot be told. The butcher said he "seed the young rip jump on his poor old Snarley-yow afore he could say Jack Robinson," and that from the beginning there was no hope of parting them. And the bricklayer, whose hands were scratched and wet with blood, said *he* "seed the little 'un go for the big 'un for all the world like a

house afire!" and that he "tried to part 'em," but coming off a bad third in the contest, retired from the field, judging it best to "let 'em fight it out between 'em, once for good and all."

So they were let to fight it out; and the tumult of this most bloody and relentless battle was not stilled till the smaller of the warriors therein, spent with warfare and loss of much blood, was taken up in an unguarded moment by his furious and bigger antagonist, and literally hurled against the wall across the paved floor of the courtyard. It was even at this moment that I arrived, drawn thither by the exigencies of the hunt; when I was told the tale of it all by many hoarse and eager and self-excusing voices, and in the corner what still remained of Danny's Chum moaned at the sound of my voice. I had only time to step over and put my hand to his torn, bleeding head, before he died.

It was necessary to bury him then and there, for what was left of his "T'sum" must never be seen by Danny's eyes again. So we buried him, under the stars, at the top of the chine, where he and Danny and I had so often played in the sunshine; and I stuck a little branch of heather at his head to mark the spot for Danny. I had to tell him the next morning; but I think he hardly realised what my words meant until I took him to Chum's little branch-headed grave; and then the sun and I saw a pitiful, pitiful sight as Danny threw himself full length upon the little mound and refused to be comforted.

"It will be my burfday to-morrow," said Danny, wistfully, as he stared out of my windows at the cloud-flecked sky above and at the wind-lashed sea below.

The time of his mourning for poor Chum had been very long and bitter. Now he was regaining his old spirits, though his faithful love brought him, and his cropped head, and his little pattering feet every day, or twice a day, with flowers for "T'summie's grave."

In the butcher's stable there was a little, long, soft, black-and-white, three months' old fox terrier, with a collar and Danny's name and address on it; and this apparition was to practically take his first step in the big outside world on that same birthday of Danny's. It was a profound secret; but the butcher, in a moment of unthinking zeal, had displayed the puppy—minus the collar—to Danny's sorrow-laden eyes one fine day; and when Danny laid his little, long, thin hand on its soft, silky, black-and-white head, the puppy turned up its straight, black nose to lick the gentle, little fingers. Now the puppy was in discreet retirement till the morrow should dawn, and I hoped it would add another ray of brightness to a day that was to begin with a real pony ride and end up with a big, birthday tea party.

"It would be an awful, awful pity if all ye sea, and ye wind, and ye sky was to be as rough to-morrow as it is to-day," said Danny, seriously, still staring out at the storm-laden horizon.

It was most extraordinary and awful weather—especially for the time of year. The wind was lashing the sea into a host of furies. The spirit that comes from the great deep itself drove great, green and black, white-lined billows on, on, on, up the gentle, sloping, pebbly and sand-strewn beaches. The ocean showed its white teeth in a thousand cruel lines. Sweeping over land as well as sea, the wind was sparing neither green, nor flower-laden garden and field, nor gentle pine-woods and chines and valleys. With the roar of the breakers and the mad howling of the wind, it was as if the spirits of the air were engaged in furious battle around. It was impossible to venture out far, or for long, on such a day; and with the coming of evening the grey, leaden, white splashed skies opened, and it began to rain as it rarely rains in this island. And across the black waters, snarling in cruel response to the furious, mocking touch of the wind, there came, ever and anon, the rumble of distant thunder.

Danny and I had tea together ; and since it grew as black as night although the evening was hardly begun, and since the lightning began to play in a most uncomfortable and appalling way upon the furniture and upon our very persons, we drew the curtains over the long windows ere settling down to halma and draughts. Lace, flimsy enough things were these curtains, but they served, at least, to break the lightning's awful and direct attack, if but slightly and ineffectively for real comfort.

We shivered at each fresh, white, sudden blaze, and held our breaths together till the crash came. As the time went by there was less and less time between the flash and the crash, until at last the sea, and sky, and wind grew utterly wild, and mad, and reckless, and just blazed away, and away, and away like a thousand furies, and there was nothing but fire, and fury, and appalling wind noises through all the universe. Under these circumstances halma was out of the question, and draughts were simply impossible.

I did not see what came to pass then, nor how it happened ; for I had no more actual part in Danny's story until I found myself in company with some other fear-driven, panic-stricken men out in the midst of the wild and pitiless night, bareheaded, and driven hither and thither almost at the mercy of the rushing winds. But what happened was told the next morning, and that is how I know.

She passed by my windows, through the pitiless storm of wind and rain ; and since a gust of wind had driven one of them, but imperfectly bolted, open again, and she was horribly afraid, in spite of her pride and revolt, she stopped and clung to the entrance post, looking in on the brightness and warmth within with great wild tear-washed eyes. Thus Danny saw her, his sweetheart, little, little Elma, and she saw him.

And above his terror of the storm and the horrors that the lightning and the thunder held for him, shot through him a great fear and terror at Elma's plight. But he could not draw her in

beneath my sheltering lights ; for all the desperate strength of his little arms, nor the desperate truths of his wild, frightened pleadings—not though he fell on his knees to her in the agony of his fear and prayer. For, though she was only a little child, she had the pride of the lord of all the devils. And that same pride had been set at nought, and humbled and wounded in its tenderest point by punishment for wilful and lawless disobedience. As she told the story of it all in pitiful stormy gasps of grief and passion, the wind outside seemed to stop their mad revels to listen to her—as Danny listened, wide-open-eyed, and piteously torn between the storm's alarms and Elma's new-found spirit. "For she would never go back," she cried out, between her choking, passionate sobs, "never—never—never."

They had put her to shame and open disgrace before the house and a whole houseful of guests ; and the burning sting of it had cut into her proud, sensitive heart, darkening the whole universe for her, till the fury of the outside world was ten thousand times to be clung to rather than the pitiless unmercy of the home that was wont to make of her its idol.

Outside the wind had dropped suddenly, as it had done once or twice before already, only to resume strife with sea and shore with redoubled vigour and fury. Elma stood in the open doorway, a princess by right of peerless beauty and royal will ; for all that her little white frock was soaked through and through—even though she had but run across the garden that lay between her home and Danny's—and for all that the rain dripped pitilessly over her uncovered head and down her tear-stained, scarlet cheeks. Danny clung to her ; his arms round her neck, his pale, terrified face pressed to hers, glowing with pride and passion, his eyes staring fearfully between Elma and the darkness of the outer night beyond, his tunic nearly as wet now as her white frock.

"Come in, oh come in, dear Elma—dear Elma, do come in," he cried ; but in the sudden, strained silence, Elma turned back

with a little laugh of wilful pride, and a little sob of burning shame, and ran out into the black night. Quicker than thought, urged on by fear and love and childish despair that was greater than the horrors of the storm, ran out Danny after her, and at the edge of the chine a blinding flash enveloped them both, and they held hands, trembling—two little storm-benighted figures, as the thunder crashed above them and the wind arose again and swept down over them and the land and the sea, laughing loudly at their pitiful, helpless stress.

"Come back, Elma," sobbed Danny, the wind catching his breath till to speak and to breathe was terrible pain. "Oh! come back, dear Elma—do come back!"

"I will never come back—never—never," said the child, passionately, angrily. "I am going to run away; and then," she cried out, bursting into furious, choking sobs—"they will be sorry and I will be glad; for I hate them, I hate them, I hate them!"

But for all her weeping she would not be moved, nor would she listen or stop one instant; and since the chine was only an awful, black, bottomless pit and the flash of the blinding lightning, they scrambled round the top of it, and then turned to the west, and ran along the cliff, leaving the chine and home further and further behind them with every trembling, unsteady, but dogged little footstep. The wind caught Elma's long, yellow hair and lashed it over her burning face and blinded her burning eyes, and it clutched and tore at her thin, little, white frock and at Danny's tunic; and very often nearly upset them altogether. But its strength was powerless when set against Elma's will and Danny's dogged despair; and so they staggered and fell, and picked themselves up again, and ran on, and on, and on, until the lights of the town were swallowed up in one vast, interminable blackness of sea and sky and desolate wild; and they were utterly alone in the night and the storm.

It was but a little time before they were missed—Danny first. But I thought he had grown tired, and gone off to his nursery ; so I shut up the swinging glass-door, and sat me down at my friend's side to have a chat. Then came the alarm for Elma, and in the midst of Elma's terror-stricken people, and Danny's bewildered nurses, and prettily-perplexed mamma, the story of flight took its first definite form—the flight of the two little children in that pitiless night of wind, and rain, and blinding storm ! We went out—the men in the house—and went our ways by ones, and twos, and threes, utterly extinguished in the darkness, and alone in the world for all the human comradeship that could pierce the veil of the rushing wind.

In the house at the head of the chine sat two mothers at the window, waiting hand in hand through all the hours of the search. The other women formed tearful, whispering groups in hall, saloon, and boudoir ; and the rest of us were scattered far and wide over cliff, and wood, and chine.

God knows what directed my stumbling footsteps in the right path ! I crossed the chine, down one side and up the other, and then went straight to the west ; and there was no sound before me, or behind me, or around me, but the trumpet cry of the winds and waves ; and no light anywhere in earth and sky, but the twinkling fire-fly light of my little close lantern, till the lightning broke again and showed me the perilous edge of the white cliff and the black death that lay below.

At last, far, far away, and inland, shone another light, the lamp-light through the window of a fisherman's cottage. I knew where I was now. The path ran along the cliff till it dipped down suddenly and was cut off by a broken jagged edge of rock, to step over which was certain death on the rocks below. Thirty feet across the other side ran up the cliff again, sheer and straight, and more than half-way up was a shallow, narrow ledge, to get to which from the top was a feat, but a possible feat under certain favourable circumstances. Now a great, black, rolling water

rushed between the split cliff, and licked the sides of the broken, jagged edge of rock near by I stood, and enveloped in blinding spray the ledge that was over on the other side.

Then my heart stood still for an instant ; for, above the roaring of water and wind I heard a cry—so faint, so feeble, and so utterly piteous. It was below me, but a blackness as of night and the grave was all around me, and the wind had made sport of my little lantern long ago. Then another of those blinding lightning flashes struck the world ; and as I stood, dazed and fearful at the horror of that weak, little, unknown cry, there came something, little and soft and wet, to my feet. It was Danny. He was stumbling, and crawling, and stumbling by turns, and the breath was nearly all blown out of his body. I picked him up and he sobbed out “ Elma ! ”

Then the wind dropped down again, as if to mock us still more with its fitful attention, and there arose again that little weak cry of anguish. It came from the 'ledge, hanging in utter blackness far below, and beyond the black, rolling, rushing water ; and it was Elma's voice. It was most horrible, for it was a child calling out in mortal agony of fear of death and unknown horrors beyond speech or thought.

They had wandered on the cliff beyond the path that led round the great chasm, and Elma had gone over suddenly, slipping down the rugged cliff's side on to the ledge below. And God's mercy lay in that she did not roll over, by the impetus of her descent, but that her skirt, being caught by a jagged bit of firm rock held her there, so that she lay there clinging on, hanging between sky and sea, and the wind threatening every instant to tear her from her awful perch.

“ Save her ! ” sobbed Danny, looking up into my eyes, with eyes of infinite anguish and measureless, beseeching woe. “ Do save her—little, little Elma ! ”

So we fought and scrambled a way round the chasm, and gained the edge of the cliff beneath which Elma hung ; and here

I leant over the black, bottomless void, and called out words of hope and encouragement to the child below; and Danny leant over and tried to call out to her too. Her answering cry rang louder and clearer and more bitterly horrible still in the lowered wind-breaths.

To have attempted to slide down the cliff itself would have been madness with the child below. If I did not knock her off her perch—which was most likely—I could never have scaled the side of the rock again with her in my arms. But the thought of the fisherman's light brought sudden hope; and in the gentler air I put Danny out of the perilous edge of the cliff and set off towards the little home-light, half-a-mile inland.

How many minutes was it before the fisherman and I, with a couple of long, stout ropes, had gained the cliff that cut down straight and steep to the broken, jagged ledge and the black, rushing waters below? The storm had broken forth again with redoubled force and fury, and with eyes grown used to that blackest night, I saw—an empty desolation of sand-strewn, wind-swept cliff; and far below, swinging between black sky and blacker sea, and exposed to the full fury of the Channel's gale, two little rain-washed figures—Elma and Danny! She was shrieking aloud, clinging with desperate hands to the ragged edges of the shallow, insecure ledge; and he was holding her back from the wind's fierce grip, with all the strength of his childish hands, intensified a thousand fold by fear, and love, and despair.

"Oh, Danny, Danny, had I not bid you stay in shelter, since you could not bring her back from her seat of danger! What had you done?"

And he shouted back, in choking gasps of breathless awe and fear, as the wind drew in its breath for another outburst of triumphant clamour: "She was fwightened—so fwightened. She callded out she must fall—she must fall. So it gwew quieter, and I slided down to hold her on. Now make haste and come vewy quickly—we are afwaid!"

So very quickly, with fingers that hardly trembled in their need, the rope was tied round my chest, under my arms, and the fisherman, who had arms and sinews of iron, and the strength and confidence of a lion, held the rope at the other end. Thus I went down, over the edge of the cliff, half scrambling, half lowered; and went down to the right of the ledge lest the falling stones of my descent should roll down to those two little, weak, clinging figures beneath, and dash them over into the yearning arms of the waves below.

But by the ledge I had to turn, and leave my grip of the staying cliff-side. I felt the rope draw and strain in the swing of my whole weight for one swift instant. I took Elma from Danny's arms. She was fainting and utterly powerless. But with the help of the ledge's foot-rest I could put her over my shoulder, and thus leave one hand free to help my slipping, scrambling feet upwards. That strain on the rope had sent all the blood to my heart for one second. Though I could trust to the leonine strength of the fisherman above, I dared not trust to the rope only, as it tightened out through the strain; and the outward point of the cliff edge was sharp and keen as a knife! Through the gloom the fisherman's face was white and hard. He had bent over the side, and I and my fainting burden were hauled on to the sand-strewn, grassy, level by the aid of his arms alone.

I laid Elma at the foot of the slope, and as a thunder-crash burst over our dripping heads and the wind swept up again from the heart of the deep, I saw that the rope that was still tied round my body was nearly cut in two some thirty feet from where it caught my arms. Danny's wild, pitiful voice below still rang in my ears above the rage of that terrific wind:

"I have holded on so long—oh, come and fetch me up—I am afwaid," sobbed Danny's far away, pitiful voice, between the storm-breaths.

"The second rope," said the fisherman, hoarsely. There came

a flash that cut open the sky and sea, and before the answering thunder shook the universe the strong, whole rope was round my body and I was over the edge of the cliff. And the wind that had been playing with this dripping world before, seized it, suddenly, in right earnest—suddenly—for five, horrible seconds, wherein the spray of the maddened waters a hundred feet below lashed our blinded faces. Above the shout of the storm, I heard—oh, God! a cry—a little, little cry. Then the waters shrieked and swept up from below, and the pitiless rain poured down from above, and while the whole world shook in the fierce grip of the awakened wind, I swung down the cliff side, swift and straight, and the little cry a burning note in my brain and an icy echo in my heart. But the shallow, jagged ledge was empty when I slid down to its narrow breast. And below the white, wind-lashed spray laughed up in my face.

We carried Elma to the fisherman's cottage, and warmth and ready care gave her back the life that had nearly been blown out of her. "It is impossible," the fisherman had said. "The sea breaks on a thousand rocks below those cliffs, and I could not lower you so far. The force of the current swings—all—it—receives—far out to sea. And such a sea! Those waves! Those rollers! It is *impossible!*" So I left Elma at the cottage, and set off alone to the house at the head of the chine, where the two mothers sat, and waited, and prayed.

The next dawn found the force of the storm utterly spent. During the last hours of that night the wind had slowly sunk and the rain only sobbed wearily through the grey, chill light. At last it, too, passed, and the morning twilight covered a world that slept peacefully enough after the night of storm. They said that further search was useless; but a few of us went out with the return of light and the passing of the storm; and the sea looked very fair, and half tender,

half passionate, as it washed, pitifully, up the weed-strewn beach.

I, too, went out—out of the tall, French windows, and down the garden path, and through the chine. Neither wind nor rain had spared Chum's grave; and the heather bush that grew at the head of it, and the flowers that had been planted round it and over it, were torn up, and beaten down, and scattered to the east and to the west. Thousands of little rivulets ran down the sides of the chine, and the heather that we had lain in, and the flowers that we had gathered and marvelled over, were washed down in the wash of their muddy flow. On the beach below the seaweed lay in long, coldly glittering lines. It lay many feet deep, and was filled with stones, and shells, and sea-wreck. I went on, and on, and on; and by-and-by I passed beyond the range of the other seekers—going on until I was utterly alone between the washing, restless sea, and the cold, grey sky, and the weed-strewn beach, and the wave-washed cliffs. How far those great waves of the last night's storm had come up I knew—I knew! Now they were rolling indifferently, wearily, a long, long way out, and the beach and the rocks glistened faintly in the first light of the pale, yellow sun.

For the dawn was breaking—gold and saffron coloured, silent, and sad, and solemn. I turned cliffwards, and the first rays of the rising sun shot straight to a little low rock. And for what I saw there then before it I ran up the beach till I stopped where the white cliffs towered far and high above my head, and a little stretched-out figure lay at my feet.

It was Danny. I had found him—found him at last, and he was cold, and wet, and dead.

He lay on his side with his face partly hidden on one arm, the other flung over his tired body; his little long legs lying straight and bare. Sand and seaweed clung to his dripping tunic, and the salt water was still not dry on his white, weary

face. Then the sun broke through the clinging veil of dawn, and, touching the little wave-washed head, transfigured it with a golden glory. It rose high in the sky, and kissed the saddened waves into laughter, and mirth, and quickened spirit. It sang from its throne the song of a new day to the world that had closed its eyes on the night of terrors behind—a new day?

It was your birthday, Danny—Danny——

K. DOUGLAS KING.

The Coadjutor-Bishop of Shrewsbury.

WE present to our readers a portrait of the Right Rev. John Carroll, the newly consecrated Bishop of Acmonia—a titular see which lends its ruler to the Diocese of Shrewsbury to be the Right Rev. Dr. Knight's coadjutor, with the right of succession. Born near Castleblayney, in county Monaghan, the new Bishop makes a welcome link between the Episcopates of the two Islands, and reminds us once more of the many favours conferred by Ireland upon England in matters Catholic. The year 1838 was that of his birth, and the day followed that of the *ides* of March. The old town of Bruges had some share in the education of the young cleric; though the greater part belongs to Ushaw—a debt he has since repaid by constant service to *Alma Mater*, one of whose responsible directors he will now become. Ordained priest on December 22nd, 1861, he was at once appointed curate of St. Peter's, Stalybridge, a church of which he became rector on the retirement of Monsignor Hilton, and from which his elevation to the Episcopate will not sever him, at any rate at present. In 1872 he had his Canonry of Shrewsbury; ten years later he became the Bishop's Vicar-General; and ten years later again Leo XIII. nominated him a Domestic Prelate.

Apart from these official posts, the Bishop's activities have been many and great. He acted for some years as Diocesan Inspector of Schools; he has served on the Catholic School Committee in London, and on the local School Board at Stalybridge, which elected him its Chairman; and for some five years

past he has acted both as the Secretary of the Northern Bishops who rule St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, and as the official auditor of the College accounts. His tale of his service to his fellow-townsmen and neighbours during his thirty-two years, pastorate at St. Peter's, Stalybridge, would be incomplete without a mention of his membership of the Board of Guardians and his chairmanship of the School Attendance Committee of the Union of Ashton-under-Lyne.

Of the new Bishop's personal qualities it becomes us not to speak, unless it be to say—and it is the highest praise we can bestow—that they are most appreciated when he is best and longest known. Outside the circle of his life-labour he has, however, a troop of devoted friends. With cultivated tastes, and sympathies wider even than his tastes, he has a connexion with literature which we recall at this moment ; since he is the oldest and truest friend of Mr. Francis Thompson. It is a happy coincidence for us that the very number of our Magazine which contains the portrait of the new Bishop is followed by an article on the new Poet.

An Old School Custom.

IT is not of any of our great public schools that I propose to write. The school, or College, as it is more usually called to which my mind and heart revert with persistent fondness is not exactly famous, and its name would awaken memories within a very limited circle. Now and then it has given to the world a man of some little note; yet even in such a case it rarely obtrudes, so as to be widely heard, its claim to any share in the making of its distinguished son. It has its traditions, its character, its *esprit*; it rarely loses sight of those whose boyhood has been spent within its walls, and among these there is a fellowship of a more binding order than is common; between one and another of them its name is, indeed, a name to conjure with, but outside these it is content to be but little known. There is a charm in its surroundings that I must needs think adds something to the strength of its hold upon the hearts of those who have been boys there. Almost on the summit of a range of hills in one of our Southern counties, its environment is yet profusely wooded, and the aspect of the country rich and varied. Within easy walking distance are a few towns, picturesque, antique, of almost mediæval quiet, and one Cathedral city, with which time would seem to have stood still. The College buildings, too, must not be held to have been without their influence; added to at various times, and hardly claiming to be blended

architecturally, they marked the stages of its progress in the past, and endeared themselves, perhaps, by their very incongruity. What was a manor-house stands as the oldest portion; then spreading westward, there had been added now a chapel, now a library and dormitories, now a playroom and new study hall. Since the time of which I write it has travelled still farther to the west, and reared a pile more regular in form, and of undoubted beauty, on ground where I have played many a game of football. But the walls that I remember constitute the place for me, and may not any more be added to; just as I have seen my predecessor by some twenty years looking but half favourably on the College of my time, and sighing for the narrower quarters that held his recollections.

For the natural instinct of boyhood is conservative; and indeed, notwithstanding that materially it has evinced a tendency to expand, it is to the ministering to this instinct of conservatism that I attribute the power the school has always had of gaining and retaining the affections of its boys. It was rich in customs; customs peculiar to itself, or, if not, fondly held to be so; we were proud to think our heritage unique, and would not willingly have exchanged it for any other, existing or conceivable. Special occasions had their characteristic celebrations, that varied not at all from year to year; and the origin of most of them it best pleased us to consider lost in antiquity. In reality, they could not have been hoary with years, as traditions of Eton or of Winchester. But what matters it whether we count one century or five? The spirit of conservatism, that cherishes and reverences the past and makes tradition a glory and a mystery, may be found to flourish without the tangible attestation of a monstrous pedigree.

For customs of a pleasant and festival order there was more room to thrive in days while yet the race of competitive examination was not run so fiercely. How many of these have yielded to the requirements of the age I cannot say; the one I

wish to speak of died nearly twenty years ago. Our College was, perhaps, the last to accept the fashion of disbanding at Christmas time, and, as though travelling were still a matter of as much inconvenience as in the days before railways were, recognised only one exodus, at Midsummer. I do not know that very many of us would have preferred to go home, for in the time-honoured festivities of the season we found amends for our detention as ample as we could wish. The custom of a Christmas king was not, perhaps, our unique possession; but certainly it was celebrated with magnificence and solemnity, such as I have never heard of elsewhere. A gorgeously illuminated scroll blazoned forth the names of former kings; and this, our authentic record (albeit we suspected prehistoric sovereigns), showed us a line that boasted almost a century of antiquity; a dynasty, in these days, quite respectably ancient. Whatever may have been the number of its years, they had been sufficient to gather about the throne a wealth of pomp and pageantry, an absolute sway and unquestioning respect, such as many kings might envy.

The monarchy was elective, and the whole school the electorate. There were three candidates eligible; two of these, *de jure*, were the head boy of the school and the boy who had been longest there. What constituted the qualifications of the third candidate, or whether they were invariable, I have forgotten. The election took place nearly a month before the coronation. During the intervening time the King elect walked to a certain extent apart, already somewhat separated from us by the sense—our sense and his—of his coming dignity; and he acquired, unconsciously, no doubt, the carriage and demeanour fitted to his state. This month before Christmas was a period of but perfunctory study; between rehearsals of the Shakspeare play, which was given in a manner anything but perfunctory, and the anticipations of the royal time to come, our minds were fully engrossed, and could not occupy themselves

with meaner things. On Christmas Day two heralds proclaimed, with due prelude of "O yes! O yes!" the accession of His Majesty; and on the night of December 26th, after the play, the ceremony of coronation was solemnised on the stage, the King and all his Court in full panoply of state. The robes of King and courtiers were no tawdry tinselled things, tolerable only by stage light, but rich and brave as befitted the rank of the wearers. For the dignitaries of the Court held high offices, many of them of great trust. There was a Lord Chief Justice, who (I know not why) held precedence of all the others; an Earl Marshal; a Lord High Almoner; a lord whose precise style I cannot remember, on whom was no less a burthen than the commissariat, and many others of exalted rank; heralds, stewards, and other officers of note; and pages innumerable. From this date until January 7th His Majesty held unquestioned supremacy within the College walls, ranking far above the masters, above even the august head himself. He was accountable to none, but came and went at pleasure. He was addressed invariably as "Your Majesty"; to speak of him by his former name was a crime to which some shadowy penalty attached, shadowy, because the commission of such a crime was a thing unheard of. He dined apart from the rest, two of his officers (by rotation) honoured by a seat at his table. He wore, except when robed for state occasions, a black frock coat, that seemed to us, no less than royal robes, to attest his dignity. I cannot convey the seriousness with which the forms were gone through; but, doubtless, it was just on account of that seriousness, that grave respect the King commanded, from the oldest to the youngest, the greatest to the smallest of us, that it was possible to maintain such an institution. To establish that "the King can do no wrong," to place that power in the hands of a boy of some sixteen or seventeen years, may seem a rash experiment. That it could safely be done is the best proof of the deep sense of responsibility that pervaded us.

The confidence never failed to be justified ; liberty never became license ; such a thing as abuse of power was unknown, and would have carried dismay to the heart of the meanest page. When Hazlitt said : "The London apprentice who does not think the Lord Mayor the greatest man in all the world will come to be hanged," he merely expressed, in humorously exaggerated manner, an essential truth. I should have foreboded but gloomily (and so should still) of any one of us, had there been such, who should have looked upon these ceremonies as frivolous masquerading.

The great occasions of the fortnight's revelry were two, the King's Feast and the Officers' Feast, when the King and Court in all their festival array, the smaller boys of the school, who were not of the "palace," the masters, past students (often numbering thirty or forty) who had come for the fortnight, and visitors from the neighbourhood, all dined and made merry together. For the King these were occasions on which pleasure was not 'unmingled with anxiety, as the duty of after-dinner speaking fell, among other duties, to his lot. But most of all this burthen weighed upon the shoulders of the Lord Chief Justice, to whom it was assigned to propose the majority of the toasts. I have held the office, and can well remember how the earlier portion of these evenings was darkened for me by the fear lest I should not acquit myself in a manner worthy its traditions. Still I would not have transferred my responsibilities, nor willingly changed places with any but one in that assembly. The festivities of the "palace," ordinarily the abode of the elect, on these nights were shared with all. What those festivities were it would be tedious to particularise. If I say that we drank and gambled, let me not be misunderstood ; no one was bankrupt, and the wines were none the less delicious because so tempered as to be the source of no regrets next morning. On the night of January 6th we sang "God save the King" for the last time ; our revels then

were ended. His Majesty, lest he should too suddenly fall to be a commoner, went home for a fortnight, and only reappeared when memories of the festive times were growing dim and we had settled down once more to the routine of ordinary school life.

It may easily be supposed that the splendour of this Court was not maintained for nothing, and, perhaps, to hint at the costliness of the honour may best serve to emphasise the dignity that hedged our King. The King's Feast was literally his, as the officers bore the burthen of the cost of theirs. The parents of the chosen may have sometimes sighed to find that the royal state of their son was as expensive as his maintenance and education at the school for a whole year. Yet I do not think they were often found to protest that the distinction was unworthy its price ; and such a protest could never be forthcoming in the case (by no means rare) when the King's father had himself, in former days, participated in these glories, and still owned the sway of their traditions.

What I have set down will but imperfectly convey the spirit that vivified our Christmas celebrations ; chiefly, I feel I shall have failed to convince any of the serious solemn reverence that was ours for the institution. It will seem but a record of trivialities, of school-boy gaieties, having a hundred analogies elsewhere. Least of all can I convey the attitude of the King himself ; and at my statement that he was free and absolute many, I fear, will smile. I have tried, myself, and failed to imagine what would have happened had he chosen to run counter to the constitution of his kingdom, and to assert, unworthily or improperly, the independence that was his by courtesy. I can only record that so strong was the tradition, there was no such crisis to be faced, but always he bore himself as became the inheritor of duties equally with honours. For this was our most dearly cherished custom, in a school where customs were more than ordinarily sacred ; and he who, in such an atmosphere, would willingly

have endangered one of them would have been, indeed, a daring and profane spirit. Customs and traditions such as these it was, chiefly, that rendered school-days sweet, and gave us, for our after life, memories akin to those that gather round the name of "home."

W. KINGSLEY TARPEY.

The Story of a Conversion.

(Continued from p. 318.)

CHAPTER XII. THE OLD TESTAMENT APOCRYPHA.

The Plan of the Ground-Book of the "Book of Enoch."

IN proceeding from the structure to the teaching of the "Book of Enoch," one is struck from the first with what at first sight seems the inordinately large proportion of pseudo-scientific matter it contains. "I observed," the patriarch is almost at the very beginning of the book represented as saying—"I observed everything that takes place in the heavens, how the luminaries which are in the heavens do not depart from their paths; that each one rises and sets in order, each in its time, and they do not depart from their laws. See [also] the earth and the things that are done in it, from the beginning to the end [of the seasons?], how no work of God is irregular in appearance. See the summer—and the winter, how the whole earth is then full of water, and clouds and dew and rain rest over it. I observed and saw how [in the winter] all the trees appeared as if withered, and all their leaves as if shaken off, except fourteen trees, which do not lose their leaves, but the leaves abide with the old from two to three years, till the new comes."* Followed though it is by the contrast, "But ye have not been persevering, and have not performed the commandment of the Lord" (v. 4), this is not a mere passing reference to the phenomena of nature,

* Chapters ii. and iii. (Ground-Book, cf. *ante*, pp. 314, 315).

like Jeremiah's "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle-dove, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people do not recognise the ordinance of the Lord" (Jer. viii. 7). It is an introductory synopsis of the whole book. Those who have not persevered are the sinners on earth, the oppressors of the just and the elect the hard-hearted, who will never receive peace, on whom the everlasting curse will increase from the day when "Behold, He comes with tens of thousands of the holy ones, to execute judgment upon them" (i. 9; Jude 14, 15). With these are contrasted the chosen, the elect, for whom "there will be light and joy and peace, and they will inherit the earth,"—who like the luminaries in the heavens, do not depart from their appointed paths. The plan of the Ground-book is to parallel this contrast on earth by a previous contrast in Heaven, when "after the sons of men had multiplied in those days, and daughters were born to them, beautiful and comely, Angels, sons of the heavens, beheld them, and became enamoured of them" (vi. 1, 2). The argument of the book is that the result in the one case foreshowed what would be the result in the other; and the historical parallel, in which the oppressors of the just were to read their fate, is appropriately put into the mouth of the antediluvian patriarch, who "walked with God and God took him," and who might have predicted, and for anything we know to the contrary, did actually predict, the days when "The Nephilim were on the earth, and also afterwards, since *benê ha-'elohîm*, sons of God, had joined themselves to *benôth ha-'adham*, daughters of Adam or of men, and they had borne children to them, these were the Gibborîm, the mighty men who were of old, men of renown; and Jehovah saw that great was the wickedness of man on earth." *

* Genesis vi. 1-5. Who these *benê ha-'elohîm* or sons of *ha-'elohîm* were has been, of course, one of the standing controversies among commentators. The opinion now chiefly held—and corroborated by the antithesis between *'elohîm* and *'adham*, of which the first conveys the idea of strength and the

The Angelology and Eschatology of "Enoch."

The *benê ha-'elohîm* in question are throughout the book designated *gerîm*, *egregoroi*, the watchers, a name appropriate to the unsetting stars that circle round the pole, the objects of special veneration in Central and Eastern Asia, which are first mentioned in Daniel iv. 13, 17, 23. At the Day of Judgment, says the Book of Enoch, when "the Holy and Great One, the God of the world, . . . will tread on Mount Sinai and appear with His hosts, . . . the watchers will quake, and great fear and terror will seize them unto the ends of the earth" (i. 4, 5). They are represented as holy—holy, at least, with holiness of office—before their crime (xv. 10), but as only on the outskirts of Heaven, possessed of a certain knowledge of its secrets, but not initiated into the deepest of them (xvi., 2, 3).

second that of weakness—is that of the intermingling of two races or two classes of mankind, one strong, elevated, and godly, and the other feeble, degraded, and impious. St. Cyril of Alexandria, St. Augustine, and the later Fathers generally, understand it of a fusion between the upright descendants of Seth and the corrupt, but (as far as material civilisation was concerned, cf. Genesis iv. 21, 22) more civilised race of Cain. The older Fathers (St. Justin Martyr and St. Cyprian, for example) on the other hand, preceded by the Jewish writers Philo and Josephus, interpret it of Angels; and Delitzsch ("New Commentary on Genesis," on Genesis vi. 1, 2) draws attention to Jude 6, 7: "I desire to remind you . . . how He has kept for the judgment of the Great Day, in eternal bonds under darkness, the Angels who did not keep their dignity but left their proper dwelling-place; how Sodom and Gomorrha, and the cities near them, having in like manner with these [*toutois*; not *tautais*, the easier reading, which would connect the *these* with Sodom and Gomorrha, in which way Estius interprets the passage] committed impurity and gone away after strange flesh, are set forth [*prokeintai*, are exhibited or displayed] as an example of æonian fire suffering [hupechousai] punishment. Nevertheless, these also," the Gnostic false teachers, "in their dreamings," under the spell of vain imaginations, "defile the flesh," etc., *i.e.*, in spite of previous warnings, they commit the offences which these had been punished for. The sequence of thought is precisely the same as that of the "Book of Enoch," which St. Jude quotes a few verses farther on; and the "autumn trees without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots, . . . wandering stars, for whom the blackness of darkness has been reserved for ever" (Jude 12, 13), were, there can be no reasonable doubt, suggested by the same work. Delitzsch remarks that the *toutois* of verse 7 refers back to the Angels of verse 6, the unnatural sin of the men of Sodom (Genesis xix. 5) being placed in the same category with the unnatural sin of Angels who were enamoured of beings of another species. He also makes mention of a belief among the ancient Persians and Medes, for which he refers to the Zoroastrian book Yasna, ix. 46, that a demoniacal

No previous fall of the Angels is spoken of, nor was this required by the plan of the book, which is pseudo-prophetic, and scarcely ever touches on anything antecedent to the time of Enoch. The fall of mankind is, however, incidentally referred to in the vision of the Garden of Eden, where Enoch sees the tree of life, "like a carob tree," locust-bean, *Ceratonia Siliqua*, of which the *keratia* are referred to in Luke xv. 16, and is told by the Angel "Rufael," *i.e.*, Raphael, who accompanies him: "This is the tree of wisdom, of which thy old father and thy aged mother, who were before thee, ate, and they learned wisdom, and their eyes were opened, and they became aware that they were naked, and were driven out of the garden" (xxxii. 6). "The author," remarks Dr. G. H. Schodde ("Enoch," Andover, U.S.A., 1882,

corruption preceded the appearance of Zoroaster; and that he dashed to pieces the bodies of Angels because they had made an ill use of them for wandering on the earth, "und in besonders zu Liebeshändeln mit irdischen Weibern gemissbraucht hatten." The age of the Yasna is dubious. For an early example, and that in Media, see Tobit iii. 6-8, commented on in this series of articles, January, 1893, p. 229. In Tobit also the demon is "bound" for the offence, and not permitted longer to infest the air. Cf. Apoc. xii. 9, and xx. 1-3, where Satan is cast down first to the earth, and then, after having deceived the nations, into the abyss or deep; and Matth. viii. 30-32; Mark v. 11-14; Luke viii. 31-33, where the implication, perhaps, is that the demons did, after all, enter into the abyss, after they had had their wish of entering into—swine.

The older commentators, Estius, for example, who, of course, had not the advantage of an acquaintance with the "Book of Enoch," were somewhat puzzled by evil Angels being spoken of in the Epistle of St. Jude and in the Second Epistle of St. Peter as being bound under the earth, while elsewhere they are represented as powers of the air. Great part of the Second Epistle of St. Peter is, however, a reinforcement of that of St. Jude, who speaks of himself as having been induced, by news he had received, to write immediately, at a time when he was meditating a longer epistle:—"While I was giving all diligence to write [*graphein*, in the present tense, the tense of continuous action] to you of our common salvation, I was constrained to write [*grapsai*, in the aorist, the tense of an action done in a moment] unto you, to beseech you to contend earnestly for the Faith once delivered to the Saints. For certain men have secretly entered in," etc. (Jude 3, 4). It has been supposed that the authoritativeness of St. Jude's Epistle was contested by those whom he indicted—possibly they said the other Jude, Iscariot, must have composed it—and that St. Peter, to whom the letter had been submitted, hastened to add his higher sanction to its brief and rapid denunciations. However this may be, the second chapter of the Second Epistle of St. Peter is a ratification of the condemnations of St. Jude, with, nevertheless, this difference,

p. 109), "fails to give any hint as to the object and future destiny of this garden. He could not make it the abode of the departed just, for these have their place in Sheol; nor could it be the seat of the Messianic kingdom, for this was to be at Jerusalem (xv., xvi.); so he leaves it out in the cold. Why the tree of wisdom should not be transplanted to the New Jerusalem like the tree of life, is not mentioned." Dr. Schodde forgets that in Hebrew, as in all healthy mysticism, "the tree of knowledge is the tree of life." If it be inquired what the veritable tree of knowledge is, the information, as in other propositions, is given, as logicians tell us is the case in all propositions, by the predicate. It is the tree of life. Any other tree of knowledge than the tree of life has for its fruit only a knowledge falsely so called, and is not to be admitted into the higher Paradise.

that the apocryphal books cited by the latter are left uncited in the former. Thus to Jude 6 corresponds 2 Peter ii. 4: "If God spared not the Angels that sinned, but cast them down to Tartarus in chains of darkness delivered them over kept for condemnation." To Jude 7 corresponds 2 Peter vi.: "And reducing the cities of Sodom and Gomorrha to ashes, condemned them with overthrow, making them an example for those who would be impious." And to Jude 9: "When Michael the Archangel, contending with the devil, strove concerning the body of Moses, he durst not bring against him a railing judgment, but said, 'The Lord rebuke thee,'" corresponds 2 Peter ii. 11: "Angels, though greater in power and might, bring not a railing judgment against them before the Lord." Neither St. Jude nor St. Peter are speaking of evil spirits in general, but of certain spirits; and, remarks a recent writer who is not a little of a rationalist, St. Paul quotes Epimenides, Aratus, and Menander: "It is in no wise strange that St. Jude should make analogous use of the Book of Enoch and the 'Ascension of Moses,' which were common among the Hebraists whom he was addressing. . . . Some have supposed that he used them because they were accepted by those against whom he was writing, and because any consideration derived from them would have the force of an *argumentum ad hominem*. It seems to be a more natural supposition that he alluded to current conceptions for a particular object, just as writers do in all ages, without entering into any discussion as to their literal truth" (Farrar, "Early Days of Christianity," p. 134, cf. *ante*, p. 312).

Further light is thrown on the subject by the *locale* of the audience addressed. The "Book of Enoch," as I shall attempt to show, originated in Upper Asia, and was thence circulated. The labours of St. Jude were, according to ecclesiastical tradition, in the adjoining regions of North-eastern Syria. The Second Epistle of St. Peter was addressed to the same readers as the First (2 Peter iii. 1). And his First Epistle was written to "the strangers dispersed through Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia," on the borders of Armenia, "Asia, and Bithynia" (1 Peter i. 1).

The passage relating to the "loves of the Angels," which have given to some modern readers their principal interest in the book, is as follows. I need not apologise for making so long a quotation, because the "Book of Enoch" is a work which most readers have little opportunity of seeing, and manner and style cannot be judged of by mere snippets. Not being a more than very rudimentary Ethiopic scholar, I have chiefly trusted to the versions of Dillmann, Schodde, and R. C. Charles (Oxford, 1893), keeping also in view the recently discovered Greek text. I have omitted the interpolations, and also some repetitions and *longueurs*, which I have marked thus, . . . , by dots.

"And it came to pass, when the sons of men had multiplied in those days, and daughters, beautiful and comely, were born to them, Angels, the children of the Heaven, beheld them, and became enamoured of them. And they said one to another, 'Come now, let us choose to ourselves wives of human race, and beget to ourselves children.' And they took to themselves wives, each one choosing for himself; and they went in to them, and mingled with them, and taught them charms and conjurations, and made them acquainted with the cutting of roots and of woods [as charms]. And they conceived and brought forth great giants, whose height was three thousand ells. And these devoured all the acquisitions of men, till men could no longer sustain them. And the giants turned themselves against mankind in order to devour them. And they began to sin against the birds and the beasts, and against the creeping things, and the fish, and to devour one another's flesh, and drink the blood. Then the earth complained of the unjust ones. And as men perished, they cried, and their voice went up to Heaven.

"Then Michael, Gabriel, Suryan, and Uryan [Suriel and Uriel] looked down from Heaven, and saw the great quantity of blood which had been shed on earth, and all the wrong that had been done upon the earth. And they said one to another, 'The earth, without inhabitant, echoes the voice of their crying, up to the gate of Heaven. And now to you, ye holy ones of heaven, cry the souls of men, saying, "Secure us judgment before the Most High."' And they spoke to their Lord, to the King: 'O Lord of Lords, King of Kings, the throne of Thy majesty [is] to all the generations of the world, and Thy name [is] holy and

glorious to all ages : blessed and glorious art Thou ! It is Thou that hast made all things and hast dominion over all, and all things are naked and open in Thy sight, and Thou seest all things, and nothing can hide itself from Thee. See then what Azâzêl hath done, how he has taught all injustice on earth, and has revealed to the world the secret things of the heavens.

. . . And now, behold, the breath of the souls which have died cry and complain to the gates of Heaven, and their laments ascend, and they cannot escape from the injustice that is committed on the earth. And Thou knowest all things before they come to pass, and Thou knowest this, and everything affecting them, and yet Thou dost not [didst not] speak to us. What shall we, therefore, do in regard to this ?

"Then the Most High, the Great and Holy One, spoke and said to Rafael : 'Bind Azâzêl hand and foot, and commit him to the darkness ; open up the desert which is in Dudaêl, and there throw him in. And place upon him rough and jagged rocks, and cover him with darkness, and let him remain there for the æon [*le ôlam, eis ton aiona*], and cover his face that he may not see the light. And on the great Day of Judgment he shall be cast into the fire. And heal the earth which the Angels have defiled, and proclaim the healing of the earth, that I will heal the earth [*i.e.*, by the Deluge], and that all the children of men shall not perish. . . .'

"And to Gabriel He said : 'Go forth, Gabriel, against the bastards and the reprobates, and against the sons of impurity, and destroy the sons of impurity, and destroy the sons of the watchers from among the children of men. . . . When all their sons shall have slain one another, and they shall have seen the destruction of their beloved ones, bind them under the hills of the earth for seventy generations [*i.e.*, till the end of the world, which according to Enoch was to last for just so long], till the day of their judgment and of their consummation, till the judgment is passed which is for æons of æons. In those days they will be led away to the abyss of fire ; in torment and in prison will they be shut up for æons of æons. . . . And destroy all the lustful souls, and the children of the watchers, because they have oppressed mankind. Destroy all oppression from the face of the earth, and let every wicked work come to an end ; and the plant of justice and uprightness will appear, and labour will become a blessing ; justice and uprightness will be established in joy for evermore.

"Then shall the just escape, and will live till they beget a

thousand children, and all the days of their youth and their sabbath [their old age, their resting time] will they complete in peace. In those days will the whole earth be tilled in justice, and will all be planted with trees, and will be filled with benediction. All desirable trees shall be planted on it, and vines shall be planted on it. The vine that is planted on it will yield wine abundantly. And of all the seed which is sown upon it each measure will bear ten thousand, and each measure of olives will yield ten presses of oil. So cleanse thou the earth from oppression, and from all injustice, and from all sin, and from all godlessness, and from all uncleanness which is wrought upon the earth: destroy them from off the earth. And all the children of men shall become just, and all nations shall offer adoration and praise to Me, and all shall worship Me. And the whole earth shall be cleansed from all corruption and from all sin, from all punishment and torment; and I will never send [*Qy*, them? *Or*, a deluge?] upon it, from generation to generation, for ever.

"And in those days I will open the store-chambers of blessings which are in heaven, to send blessings down upon the earth over the work and labour of the children of men. Peace and justice shall be wedded, throughout all the days of the world, and through all the generations of the world" ("Book of Enoch," chapters vii.—xii.).

This is a version of a complete section of the book—the section which immediately follows the introduction (chapters i.—vi. already referred to). It is followed by the description of Enoch's dealings with the watchers, and of what he saw in the various journeys through which he was conducted by Angels (chapters xii.—xxxvi., and lxxii. and following, of which the consecutiveness is broken by a long interpolation). I need not dwell in detail on the coincidences with the phraseology of the New Testament which these chapters, and, equally with them, the other parts of the book exhibit, coincidences which may be due in part to both dealing with the same subjects, and to particular phrases and expressions, such as that the just should inherit the earth, having become customary and proverbial so that anyone, whether the author of the "Book of Enoch" or anyone else would employ them. They stand out in the course

of an ample quotation, which is a fair—it is, indeed, a rather advantageous—sample of the whole. The *incidence* of the parallel passages, however, deserves notice ; and while many are trifling, some possess an importance beyond any that could attach to coincidences of expression only. The incidence is chiefly on the Hebraistic books of the New Testament—the Epistles of SS. Peter, Jude, and James, the Apocalypse, and the First and Fourth Gospel. Parallellisms are rarer in the Gospel of St. Luke and the Epistles of St. Paul ; and if we examine these last in chronological order—Thessalonians, Galatians, Corinthians, Romans, Colossians and Ephesians, Philippians, and the personal Epistles to Philemon, Titus, and Timothy—another feature comes out, that they are more frequent in the later than in the earlier letters.* The

* In enumerating coincidences, it is, of course, necessary to enumerate them all ; and in doing this many have to be included which may have been accidental or may have been common phrases. There is not much, for instance, in the resemblance between Enoch xciii. 4 : “Injustice will grow up and He will make a law [the Mosaic law] for sinners. . . . And, after that, visions of the Holy and Just One will be seen, and a law for all future generations, and an enclosure will be made for them” ; and 1 Tim. i. 9 : “Law is not made for the just man, but for the unjust ;” and there is still less in both documents speaking of God as dwelling in light—a conception frequent both in Enoch and in the New Testament—and even in unapproachable light : “Dwelling in light unapproachable, whom no man . . . can see,” 1 Tim. vi. 16 ; cf. Enoch xiv. 21 : “None of the Angels could enter, nor could any flesh approach to look upon the form of the face of the Majestic and Honoured One.” It is when we put these together, and conjoin with them other instances (“Worthy of all acceptation,” 1 Tim. i. 15 ; “The paths of justice are worthy of acceptation,” Enoch xciv. 1 ; “Kings of Kings and Lord of Lords,” 1 Tim. vi. 15 ; and the same in Enoch ix. 4, in the extract given above ; and “The elect Angels,” 1 Tim. v. 21 ; “Elect and holy children of the high Heaven,” Enoch xxxix. 1), occurring in the same short epistle, that a cumulative argument emerges for the invalidity of which it would be necessary that the *whole* of the parallelisms should have been merely accidental. The most striking single parallelism in St. Paul’s Epistles is that between 2 Cor. iv. 6, “To give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,” with Enoch xxxviii. 1-4, “When the Just One shall appear in the presence of the just who are chosen, . . . where will be the habitation of the sinners? . . . It would have been well for them had they not been born. . . . They will not be able to behold the face of the holy, for the light of the Lord of Spirits is seen on the face of the holy, and just, and elect.” The most striking parallel to the Epistle to the Hebrews is “All things are naked and open to Thy sight and

expression that Azazel and his followers should be cast into the fire on the great Day of Judgment (Enoch x. 6, quoted above), compared with, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into æonian fire, prepared for the devil and his Angels" (Matth. xxv. 41), is an example of a parallelism the importance of which is greater than that of mere similarity of phrase, since it has been taken as implying that the punishment of demons and of lost souls by fire would begin only after the general judgment. This inference we know to be false as far as the New Testament is concerned (Luke xvi. 24; Apoc. ix. 2, 3, xix. 20, etc.); and it is equally false with regard to the "Book of Enoch," where evil spirits are represented as tormented with fire before the general judgment. This and other points are illustrated by the following passage:

"And I saw the corner-stone of the earth, and beheld the four winds, which bear up the earth and the firmament of heaven. I saw how they bear up the arches of the sky, and have their station between heaven and earth; these are the pillars of the heaven. . . . And I saw a deep abyss, with pillars of heavenly fire, and among them I saw pillars of heavenly fire fall; they were in number beyond count, alike towards the height and towards the depth. And over that abyss I saw a place which had no firmament of the heaven above and no foundation of earth beneath; there was no water upon it, and no birds; but it was waste. And what I saw there was horrible—seven stars, like great burning mountains, and like spirits, which besought me. The Angel said: 'This is the place where heaven and earth terminate. It serves for a prison for the stars of heaven and the host of heaven. And the stars which roll over the fire are they which have transgressed the commandment of God before their rising, because

Thou seest all things, and nothing can hide itself from Thee," Enoch ix. 5; cf. Hebrews iv. 13. Seven parallelisms have been noticed in the Third Gospel, one, in the *Magnificat*, to Enoch xlvi. 5, "He will put down the kings from their thrones"; twelve in St. Matthew; five in St. John's Gospel; five in his first Epistle; and about a quarter of a hundred in the Apocalypse, the numerousness being connected with the similarity of subject. Many parallelisms have escaped notice, *e.g.*, "To him holy consultation was needless," xiv. 24, to Rom. xi. 34; "The spirits of the giants shall be like clouds, which shall oppress, corrupt, fall . . . upon earth," xv. 9, to Jude 12.

they did not come forth at the appointed time. And He was wroth with them, and bound them till the time when their guilt should be consummated [*i.e.*, when the punishment of their guilt should be completed], in the year of the mystery' " (chapter xviii.).

This account is duplicated three chapters later on, apparently from another manuscript or from another verbally different tradition in the hands of the compiler. "Then," to give an example of Laurence's translation, "I made a circuit to a place where nothing was completed. . . . I beheld seven stars of heaven bound in it together, like great mountains, and like a blazing fire. I exclaimed, 'For what species of crime have they been bound, and why have they been removed to this place?' Then Uriel, one of the holy Angels, who was with me, and who conducted me, answered: 'Enoch, wherefore dost thou ask? These are the stars which have transgressed the commandment of the Most High God, and are here bound until the infinite number of the days of the years of their crimes be completed.'" Laurence had the best taste in language, but had not the same opportunities for minute accuracy. Dillmann translates the concluding phrase, "*hier werden sie gefangen gehalten bis in Ewigkeit*"—meaning, of course, by "*Ewigkeit*," eternity, an æon, which appears in the recently discovered Greek text, that they were to be punished *eis ton aiona*, for the æon or secular period of the existent world, which the Day of Judgment terminates. The Greek of the conclusion of the previous passage is "And they were thus bound till a thousand years, the time [appointed for] their sins, was fulfilled"—a thousand years being taken as equivalent to a very long period. The book, therefore, holds out a hope of pardon even for fallen Angels, or, at least, for some; for it cannot be doubted but that by these stars Angels are intended, though not the same Angels as those who had committed more grievous offences. There was, in other words, to be a Purgatory even

for Angels; and if the writer has been supposed to deny a Purgatory for human beings, who are weaker than Angels, the supposition proceeds only from inattention to his standpoint and to his style. It is fancied that he disbelieved in a Purgatory for human beings because he does not expressly mention one. Arguments of that kind are always feeble; and in the diffuse and pictorial style which he employs, many things necessarily escape mention. His standpoint, moreover, obliges him broadly and summarily to divide mankind into two classes: the elect, who are to be saved, and the reprobate, who are to be lost. He does not, like the author of the Second Book of Maccabees, who was writing a history, need to discuss the failings of the elect and their consequences, or to dwell on the good qualities even of bad men. By introducing such topics he would have spoilt the effect both of his promises and of his denunciations. As to Angels, with respect to whom he enters more into detail, he has a Purgatory; and, though he is wrong, his concession of a Purgatory even for them shows that he would not, had he gone into similar detail, have denied it to the feebler and more easily tempted race of men. Nor are we to suppose that Azazel was conceived to be exempt from the pain of fire until the general judgment, because he is spoken of as bound and buried for the meantime "in the desert of Dudâêl." Dudâêl is not historically the name of a place. It is a made up word, and literally means the "chaldron of God" or of the Mighty One, the terminal êl signifying God, and the beginning of the word being connected with the Semitic root DVD, to burn. "To bury" is, as we have seen, equivalent to "to burn," in the ideas of the ancient Oriental nations; is to bring nearer to the central heat and fires of the earth; and to subject to a decomposition which is a slow combustion. To be given up to this fire differed only in degree from being consigned to the fire of the Last Judgment; at the time of which this central fire would leap up, and, gathering fuel from the accumulated debris and corruptions of ages,

would consume all nature. Prepared long beforehand for the devil, for his Angels, and for reprobate human beings, they would then, when it broke forth and asserted itself, for the first time feel the full effect of it.*

Leaving over questions of date and place of authorship, which we shall consider along with another apocryphal book, the so-called "Psalms of Solomon," I conclude with the passage in the "Book of Enoch" in which the state of the dead previous to the final judgment is described in the usual incomplete and pictorial fashion. I repeat, for the sake of comparison, the passage given from Laurence, who wrote with fewer critical helps :

"I made a circuit to the place where nothing was completed and I saw there something horrible. I saw neither a heaven above nor a firmly founded earth, but a place chaotic and horrible. And here I saw seven stars of the heaven, bound together in it, like great mountains, and flaming as with fire. On this occasion I said: 'For what sin are they bound, and on what account have they been cast in hither?' Then spake Uriel, one of the holy Angels, who was with me and was chief over them, and said: 'Wherefore dost thou ask, and why dost thou inquire and art curious? These are the stars which have transgressed the commandment of God, and are bound here till ten thousand ages, the number of the days of their guilt, are consummated. And from thence I went to another place, which was still more horrible than the former, and I saw a horrible thing: a great fire was there, which flamed and blazed, and the place was cleft as far as the abyss, being full of great descending columns of fire; its extent and size I could not see, nor was I able to see its origin. Then I spake: 'How horrible is this place and how hideous to look upon!' Then Uriel answered me, one of the holy Angels who was with me; he answered and spake to me: 'Why do you entertain such fear and alarm at this horrible place, and in the presence of this pain?' And he spake to me:

* Confer:—"The day of the Lord shall come as a thief; in which the heavens shall pass away with great violence, and the elements shall be melted with heat, and the earth and the works which are in it shall be burnt up. Seeing, then, that all these things are to be dissolved . . . looking for and hasting to the day of the Lord, by which the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with the burning heat. But we look for new heavens and a new earth (according to His promises), in which justice dwelleth" (2 Peter iii. 10-13).

'This place is the prison of the Angels, and here they will be imprisoned for ever.'

"And then I went to another place, and he showed me in the west a great high mountain and hard rocks and four delightful places. And there were there deep and wide (places) perfectly smooth, as smooth as something which rolls, and deep and black to look at. And this time Rufael answered me, one of the holy Angels who was with me, and spake to me: 'These hollow places whereon the spirits of the souls of the dead are assembled, have been created to this very end, and all the souls of the children of men shall assemble here. These places are appointed as their habitation, till the day of their judgment, and till their appointed period; and this appointed period is long, till the great judgment comes upon them.' And I saw the spirits of the children of men who were dead, and their voice penetrated to the heaven and complained. This time I asked the Angel Rufael, who was with me, and spake to him: 'Whose spirit is that one yonder, whose voice thus penetrates (to heaven) and complains?' And he answered me and spake thus to me, saying: 'This is the spirit [breath] which went forth from Abel, whom his brother Cain slew; and he keeps complaining of him till his seed is destroyed from the face of the earth, and his seed disappears from amongst the seed of men. And therefore at that time I asked regarding him, and regarding the judgment of all, 'Why is one separated from the other?' And he answered me and spake to me: 'These three divisions are made to separate the spirits of the dead. And the souls of the righteous are thus separated (from the rest): there is a spring of water and light above it. Such a (division) likewise has been made for sinners when they die and are buried in the earth without incurring judgment in their lifetime. Here their souls are placed apart in this great pain, till the great day of judgment and punishment and torture of the revilers for ever, and vengeance for their souls, there will they be bound for ever. And such a division has been made for the souls of those who complain and make known their destruction when they were slain in the days of the sinners. Thus it has been made for the souls of men who were not righteous but sinners, complete in their crimes: they will be with criminals like themselves; but their souls will not be slain on the Day of Judgment, nor will they be raised from thence!' Then I blessed the Lord of Glory and said: 'Blessed be my Lord, the Lord of righteousness, Who ruleth for ever' (Enoch xxi., xxii.)

X. Y. Z.

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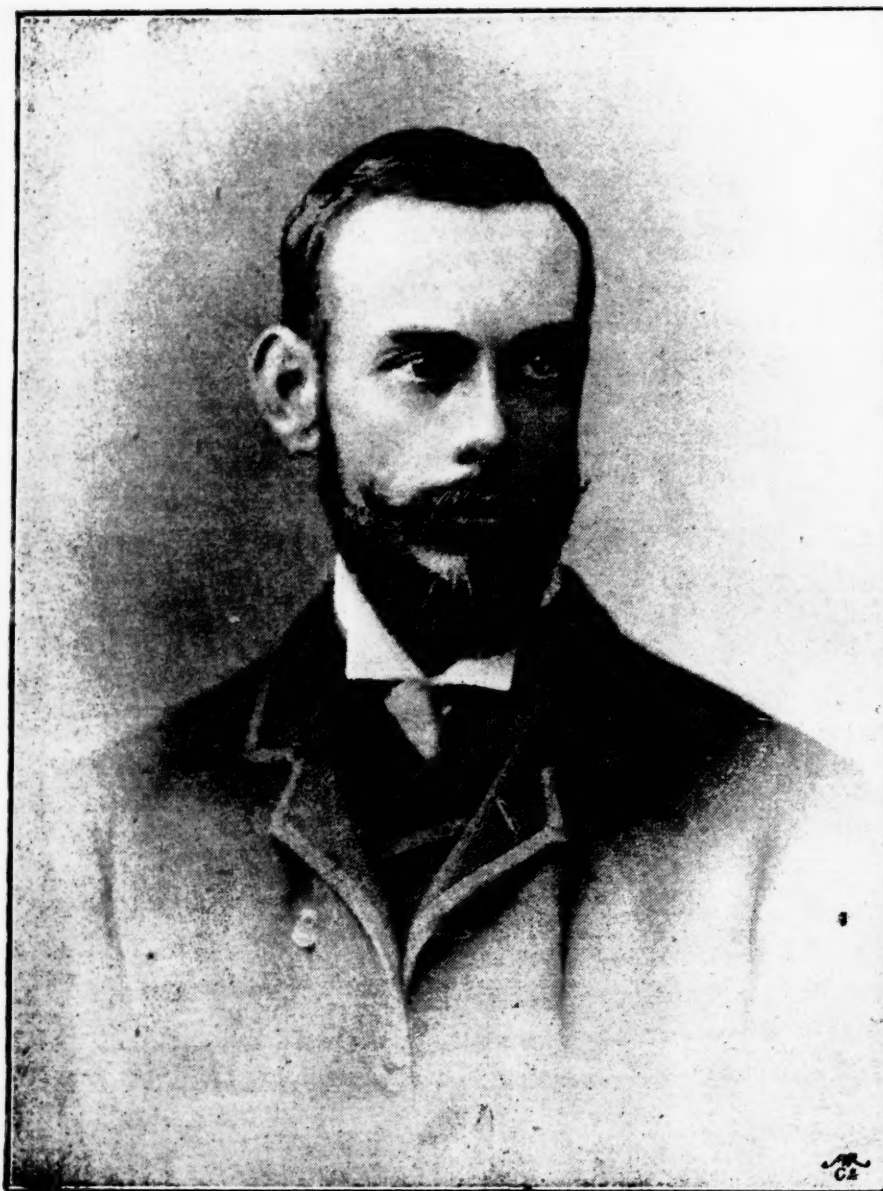
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